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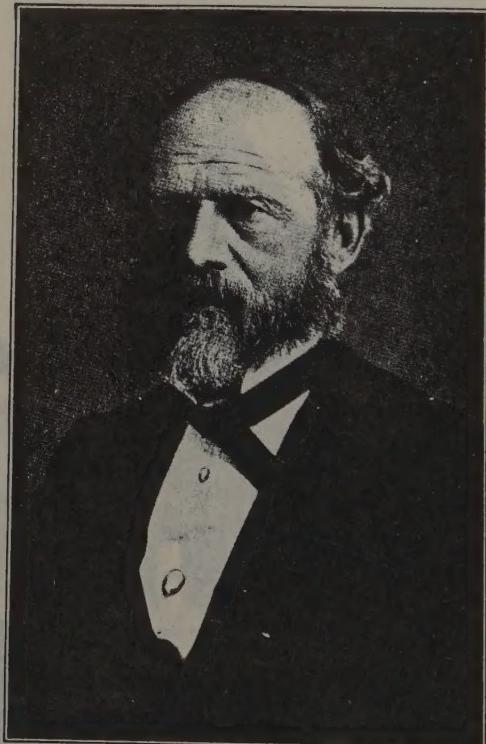
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW,



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February

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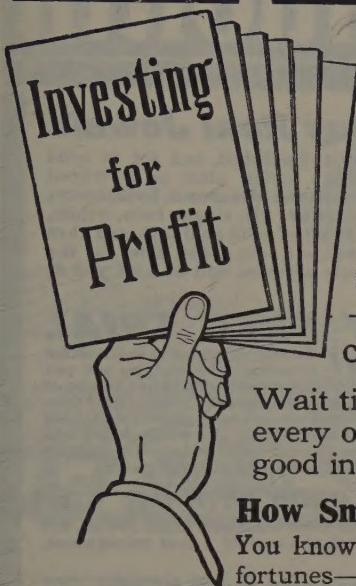
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The
**INTERNATIONAL
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FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 8



PREPAREDNESS

A Speech Delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, Jan. 5th, 1916

By FRANK BOHN

Ibsen has somewhere told us that if peace is ever to fully prevail among nations it will be due to the combined efforts of the working class and of womankind. This very natural alliance of the forces of international peace results from a fundamental. The two great elements of social progress are drawn together by the peculiar fact that both are producers. Women produce people and the working class produces things of value. The reason why women as a sex are in the future going to unite their efforts with the labor movement is set forth again and again by August Bebel, the foremost political representative of labor in the nineteenth century, in the most important book ever written on the subject of women. Hence, tonight, I take very great pleasure in representing, as your chairman, the two organizations through whose joint efforts this meeting has been arranged, The Labor Forum and The Woman's Peace Party.

Preparedness Defined.

The advocates of militarism and war have given a peculiar meaning to the word preparedness. Mr. Roosevelt has said, point blank, that our needs require a navy of forty-eight battleships and battle cruisers and vessels of all other classes in proportion. The regular army, in his opinion, should consist of 245,000 actives and a reserve of two millions. The real meaning of this cannot possibly be misinterpreted. Our militarists intend to prepare America for war, as Germany, Austria, Russia and France were prepared for war on the eve of the great conflict:

The Argument for Preparedness.

The argument of the militarists rests upon two pillars. The first of these consists of an analysis of the wars in which the United States has been engaged during the past hundred and forty years. The second

is incidental to the great conflict now raging in Europe. We are to be attacked by the victorious powers and must hasten to prepare our defenses.

Very recently I heard Mr. Wood, late a member of the Naval Advisory Board, go over with great care what he supposed to be facts of American history. These impressions of Mr. Wood's have caused him to resign his position on the basis that Mr. Wilson's paltry army of 533,000 men, and his corresponding recommendations for the navy, are insufficient to defend our liberties.

Philosophical interpreters of American history, like Mr. Wood and Mr. Roosevelt, begin with the Revolutionary war. They say that if we had had an army in 1775 the war would very soon have been at an end and the nation's independence established. Let us look more closely into this matter. Preceding the Revolutionary war the enemies of the Colonists were the Western Indians and the French population in Canada. For a hundred and fifty years the advocates of *Preparedness* among the colonists had never ceased to clamor for British troops to defend them. True, both the Indians and the French were few in number compared to the English colonists, but the advocates of *Preparedness* in that day were always arguing that without tens of thousands of British troops the English frontier settlements would always be in danger from the scalping knife in the West and French invasion from the North. In response to this cry of the *Preparedness* cowards in that day, the British Government placed ten thousand soldiers on the American continent. These were the troops whom the Americans had presently to shoot at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Preparedness turned out to be preparedness for oppression only.

The independence of America resulted from the fact that Great Britain was unprepared for war. The men of England refused to volunteer to make war on the English here. Had conscription been introduced in England or had the militarists of England had their way before the war, England might have had in 1775, fifty thousand regulars instead of eighteen thousand. Two hundred and fifty years of history in England and America attest the fact that political freedom is not protected, but destroyed by military power.

The War of 1812.

Let us listen for a moment to Chapter Two of American history as set forth by Mr. Wood:

"If, at the beginning of the War of 1812, we had had a larger standing army, we might have speedily conquered Canada, annexed her to the United States and ended the war."

That is, if we had had twenty-five thousand regulars instead of five thousand, we might have done to the inoffensive and peaceful people of Canada what Germany has done to Belgium! A majority of the English-speaking people of Canada at that time was composed of The United Empire Loyalists who fled to New Brunswick and Ontario for the purpose of remaining within the British Empire. Too bad our regulars were not numerous enough to pursue them to the poor shelters they had built in the forest, and ram the Stars and Stripes down their throats with bayonets. I wonder if our advocates of *Preparedness* are willing to go tonight and repeat this part of their speech in Montreal, Toronto or Ottawa.

Chapter Three deals, of course, with the Mexican war. I have noted that the advocates of *Preparedness* do not much emphasize this part of their argument. In the Mexican war the slave power of the South, using the United States army and navy, made conquest of a huge section of Mexican territory for the purpose of getting slave states to balance and offset the free states in the North. At the head of the troops that invaded Mexico there should have been carried a flag bearing the picture of a black slave tied to a tree in South Carolina and being whipped by a New England overseer. Too bad we didn't have a hundred thousand regulars at the beginning of the Mexican war instead of ten thousand! We might then have held the whole of Mexico for chattel slavery, formed a dozen more slave states and prevented the election of Lincoln in 1860.

The Civil War.

Here the Militarist comes to the crux of his argument. At the beginning of the Civil war our regular army numbered 14,000 men. "If it had but numbered fifty thousand we might have won the battle of Bull Run and ended the war." Like the preceding arguments this sounds exactly like the mili-

tarists. It is the blank cartridge of the tin soldier of historical scholarship. At the beginning of the Civil war, every officer of the regular army who was fit to command an army, an army corps, or a division, during the first year of fighting, resigned and cast in his lot with the South. In the North our West Pointers were drawn by the high salaries and profits of industrial development into commercial life. In the South, the army, the navy, the bar and the church, were the only professional diversions for the sons of respectability. The Army of Northern Virginia was commanded by Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee. The Army of the Potomac fell into the hands of McClellan, the railway financier, of Hooker, the western gentleman rancher and of others of a like stamp.

HAD THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR BEEN FOUR TIMES AS GREAT AS IT WAS, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOUR TIMES AS MANY MAJOR GENERALS, BRIGADIER GENERALS AND COLONELS HANDED OVER TO THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY TO ORGANIZE AND COMMAND THE ARMIES OF DIS-UNION.

Furthermore, by far the greater proportion of the reserve supplies of small arms, to be accurate, one hundred and fifteen thousand muskets with proportionate amounts of other arms and munitions were, on the eve of the war, shipped South by the Southern Secretary of War in the Government at Washington. Had the army been four times as great as it was that Secretary would have turned over four hundred and sixty thousand Springfield muskets to the Confederacy and so many holes would have been shot through the Stars and Stripes that Lincoln and all the men of the North could never have patched it up again.

I shall not waste your time by discussing at length the Spanish-American war and the Philippine Rebellion. Cuba was won for the Sugar Trust by the yellow press of the United States without the assistance of the army. Even the loudest and most rattle-brained advocate of *Preparedness* who gets into print publicly, forbears to mention the conquest of the Philippines. The order given by one general to his troops to make a certain island a "howling wilderness" by "killing everybody over ten years

of age," the "water-cure," the shiploads of insane and syphilitic young soldiers returned to the United States and never properly reported to the public—these make ourselves as well as our opponents anxious to forget this unholiest chapter of all in the military history of the nation.

The World War and the Workers.

Leaving the subject of the working-class in its relation to militarism and international wars to the other speakers of the evening, I wish to conclude by saying a word as regards the attitude of the governments now at war toward the working class of Europe. From it we may draw conclusions as regards the workers of America. Years ago, in Ohio, I numbered among my friends an old German, who, as a soldier of fortune, had fought in almost every important war of fifty years. He had been a volunteer with the allies in the Crimea. He enlisted under the banner of Francis Joseph in the campaigns of spoliation in Northern Italy. He came to the United States in 1863 and commanded a troop of cavalry under Sheridan. He took service with Maximilian in Mexico. Finally, in his old age, he tried to go with a regiment in which I was serving in the Spanish-American war, but was rejected on account of age. "What were you fighting for in all those wars?" I once asked him. "I was fighting for freedom, always," he replied. *Freedom*—that's what every nation in Europe is shouting through its official mouthpieces. When the Germans pay the salaries of Mohammedan priests to preach the Holy War of the Prophet to their Turkish allies, the Germans declare they are but paying the price of freedom from jealous enemies. When Great Britain pays salaries to the same brand of sky-pilots to preach among the Mohammedans of a broken and oppressed India the doctrine that every dead German places them a step nearer celestial life, is not Britain also merely paying the bills incurred by the Goddess of Liberty in Flanders and Gallipoli.

Poor Freedom! On the day the war broke out, every monarch and every minister among the warring nations expected revolution to break out—in the other fellow's capital. Germany expected the Czar to be dynamited in St. Petersburg and the Commune to be declared in Paris. Not a British capitalist but, who, having seen, with fear and trembling, the inroads of the German

commercial agent, expected the Socialists of Germany to make a seven days' task of his job of smiting a business rival hip and thigh.

Let me emphasize here that we Socialists have not forgotten the bloody death of the Paris Commune in 1871. While the soldiers of the Republic of France murdered 35,000 workers in cold blood, the hosts of Moltke and Bismarck stood by enjoying the spectacle. Today if a revolution in Russia should dethrone the Czar, the legions of Von Hindenburg would march in, kill every rebel in sight and place the Czar back on his throne. Let us come to judgment with regard to such facts as history has given us to consider. When the Indian contingent was ordered to Europe, a native regiment in the Straits Settlements refused to move. There being no white English soldiers near by to pump lead into them, marines were brought from a Japanese warship which was, happily for the British commander, passing through. Now, if Great Britain is willing to use Japanese marines to kill her own rioting soldiers, do you suppose that she would hesitate to use Hindoos or blacks or whites against rebellious German Socialists? Not at all. Were a revolution of the working people possible in Germany, that revolution would be stamped out by the soldiers of England, of France, of Italy and of the Czar. And do you, American workers, and American women, surmise for a

moment that if the First Regiment of Colorado Infantry, which smothered and burned up alive the women and children of Ludlow and threw oil on the dead bodies in order that, done to ashes, they might not be discovered—do you suppose that the First Colorado Infantry Regiment, or any other American regiment, if sent against Germany to avenge the drowning on the sinking Lusitania of that distinguished representative of American culture, Alfred Vanderbilt, would refuse to obey an order to break the back of a worker's revolt in Germany?

This is not in any sense a war of Freedom. It is a competitive war of your masters for the rulership of the earth and you. The armies and navies which our strutting militarists plan to create here are not intended for your defense and mine. Their purpose, often stated openly as well as indirectly, is to protect their commerce abroad and rob the workers here of the last remaining vestiges of their rights under the constitution and the laws. For the protection of what rights we have, for the advancement of our interests as a class, we, who hold no property, require no cannon, no submarines, no warplanes and no gold lace. Our sole need is education in our class interests, political and industrial organization, and the springing up in all our hearts of a holy enthusiasm for freedom and peace and international brotherhood.



FRANK BOHN



Capitalist Violence at Youngstown

By JOHN RANDOLPH

A GANG of gunmen broke loose in Youngstown, Ohio, on the night of January 7. When they got through with the paid job they came to Youngstown to do, three union workingmen were dead, twenty more labor rebels had bullet wounds on their bodies, and somewhere over \$1,000,000 worth of property lay smoking in ruins.

Not a life was lost nor a bullet gash received by the enemies of labor, according to reports so far arriving. Of the \$1,000,000 and more property destroyed practically all was owned by somebody else than the big steel sheet and tube works, whose workers were on strike.

Look at it. Three working class rebels are dead, murdered by hired gunmen. Who paid the gunmen and where did they come from and what were their orders? Nobody is telling. The one certainty is the dead are dead.

Why they are dead those who know have not told, and those government officials who have power and resources to force the story from the lips of those who can tell have not acted.

Three theories are offered to explain how the bloody jamboree started. These are:

1. It was started by Austro-German influences to hinder war munitions manufacture. This is the least credited of all the theories. Though it was played strong in newspapers, it is easily discredited in the mere fact that General Organizer T. H.

Flynn of the American Federation of labor was on the field. The A. F. of L. has been organizing workers at the plants involved, and the A. F. of L. officers would have already said they won't stand for Austro-German strikes mixed up with diplomatic machinations.

2. The Youngstown sheet and tube mills had refused to match the 10 per cent wage raise announced for all the United States Steel Company mills and a clash between imported gunmen and strikers spread till there was a city-wide insurrection. This theory that the initiative of the violence came from the strikers doesn't stand up well in view of the fact that all the dead and most of the wounded are strikers and workingmen, while so far no gunmen and private detectives are known to have met death or injury.

3. Away at the top of the financial world were interests that wanted Youngstown hit hard for the purpose of hammering down the stock in the market and creating a general dejection among stockholders of Youngstown corporations. With this accomplished the way to a big steel merger would be easier. This was undoubtedly the biggest single motive force back of the whole affair. Following are the facts that support this theory:

On January 14 the news came from Pittsburgh that Frank Vanderlip of the National City Bank of New York, the largest



Photo by International News Service.

STATE MILITIA ARRIVING IN YOUNGSTOWN, BUT—THE GUN MEN HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK OF SHOOTING UP THE TOWN

Rockefeller bank in the United States, had completed a half-billion dollar merger of Cambria Steel Company, Lackawanna Steel Company and Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. Vanderlip is a Rockefeller financial mouthpiece and is heading the syndicate which has effected the merger. J. C. Campbell, president of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., the man accused by labor organizers of having brought in the gunmen who started the bloody jamboree, is to be chairman of the board of directors of the new merger. Stock of the new steel company will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange before March.

With the big war, the steel business has jumped into dizzy profits. Balance sheets of the United States Steel Company for the year 1915 were made public December 31. They show that net earnings of \$12,457,809 in the first quarter leaped to \$38,710,644 in the third quarter, and smashed all records in the fourth quarter with profits of close to \$50,000,000 and a probability that the final figures will go over that. Total profits will go above \$129,000,000 for one year, or 20.3

per cent dividends on preferred stock and 10 per cent on common stock.

WHAT THE LABOR ORGANIZERS IN YOUNGSTOWN WERE AFTER WAS A BIGGER SHARE FOR LABOR OF THESE DIZZY MILLIONS OF PROFITS SPLIT AMONG STEEL MILLIONAIRES.

Tubs of champagne and dancing girls slinging short skirts in special cabarets for the high fakers who have cleaned up big divvies on "war brides"—the workers know about it and are taking this time, when immigration is at a low level, to attack the steel mills with strikes and win higher wages and establish organization.

Big danger was ahead for the steel companies of Youngstown. The workers were perfecting organization. It was a good and proper time to attack and import gunmen and private detectives and attack the strikers. The move had a double advantage. It attacked labor. And it fixed things better in the stock market. It helped discourage holders of Youngstown stock so they would



Photo by International News Service.

A WORKING CLASS MOTHER GUARDING THE FAMILY "PROPERTY." A COMMON SIGHT IN THE WORKING CLASS DISTRICT IN EAST YOUNGSTOWN. HUNDREDS OF WORKING CLASS HOVELS WERE FIRED

sell out to financiers trying to swing a merger.

Nineteen detective agencies had "operatives" on the job, according to Organizer Flynn. He says there were sixty known gunmen from one Pittsburgh agency. What all testimony agrees on is that a large number of these gunmen were on a bridge leading to the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. plant. Chester M. Wright of the *New York Call*, and George P. West of the Walsh committee on industrial relations, have all been in Youngstown and their reports and the whole weight of the testimony back the theory that a big mob of gunmen were planted on the bridge, opened fire, and after this clash barrels of rum were burst in the streets, fire broke out in dozens of places, even the post office, and \$1,000,000 worth of property was burned, less than \$5,000 of it being property of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company.

Military men in charge of the Ohio National Guard expressed disgust when they were here of the extremely insanitary conditions existing in the foreign districts in East

Youngstown. "When I visited some of the homes in which the foreigners live, I was not surprised that such a riot should have taken place," said Major D. C. Stearns of Cleveland, on the staff of Brigadier General John C. Speaks.

"Their environment is certainly not conducive to the better things of life. We went through many houses where there were no carpets on the floors, the people used soap boxes for chairs, the women were kneading dough on the floor in large wash dishes. Conditions are intolerable, and I am surprised that people live under such conditions in this civilized country."

General Speaks himself was astounded at living conditions in East Youngstown. "I am surprised that such conditions should exist in one of the richest valleys in the world," he said.

Major Gerlach of Wooster, in command of several companies of the Eighth regiment, was surprised that any community would permit sanitary conditions to exist which his personal investigation disclosed in East Youngstown. The major won-

dered whether the village has a board of health and expressed doubt if it has any sanitary code.

"When people live under such conditions it is not surprising that they should break loose from all bounds of restraint," he said. "I have never seen anything like it anywhere."

THE FIGHTING POWER OF THE WORKING CLASS WHEN AROUSED, THE TERRIBLE THREAT OF AT-

TACKS AND REPRISAL FOREVER POTENTIAL IN THE WORKING CLASS, IS THE BIG POINT THAT STICKS OUT FROM THE YOUNGSTOWN JAMBOREE.

If labor is so dangerous in a blind unorganized affair fomented by hired gunmen, what can it do when it organizes and calmly marches forward with definite plans for taking what it wants of the means and needs of life?

Some Notes on Political Laborism in Australia

By H. SCOTT BENNETT

THE political labor movement in Australia possesses many features of interest to Socialists in the United States. The feature, however, that I am anxious to emphasize in these notes is the fact that it is a standing illustration of how not to do things! For political laborism in Australia painfully illustrates the disasters that must inevitably overcome a movement that flirts with opportunism.

The idea of independent labor representation became a prominent question in Australian working class circles after the great Australian maritime strike in the 90's. Trade Unionism had become somewhat discredited, and the belief gained ground that if the workers could obtain class representation within the gilded walls of the various legislative assemblies all would be well with the Australian toiler. The first few years of agitation and organization for parliamentary representation were not productive of any very startling results, but in recent years the success obtained by the political labor movement in Australia has been little short of phenomenal. In every state except one Labor has control of the legislative machinery and in addition to their triumphs in the states, the political labor party has complete control of the Federal Parliament, in both the House of Representatives and the Senate, Labor has an absolute majority. Labor is in power, with a vengeance! We shall look at the results of these triumphs in a moment. Meanwhile, it may not be without interest to note that in almost every case the labor governments are composed of men who a few years ago were engaged at

their various trades and callings. Take the present Federal Government by way of illustration. The present Prime Minister of Australia is Mr. William Hughes. Mr. Hughes was, I believe, an umbrella mender in Sydney, N. S. W., prior to combining a legal career with that of politics. Mr. Frank Tudor, Minister of Customs, was a hat maker not so many years ago, whilst the present High Commissioner of Australia is Mr. Andrew Fisher, formerly a miner working in an Australian state. If political democracy, in the fullest sense of the term, be the goal of modern political laborism, then Australia assuredly has apparently reached its attainment. King Demos has well nigh been crowned!

Well, what has been the result of all this from the Socialist outlook? Practically nothing. One cannot be accused of exercising an unduly critical spirit in designating the whole parliamentary organization as being so exceedingly "sane, safe and moderate" as to constitute a positive menace to anything in the nature of a far-reaching social transformation. The whole movement in truth, is a vivid manifestation of opportunism, "in excelsis."

It is gratifying to be able to say that amongst the individuals constituting the Australian Labor Parliamentary parties there are some exceptions to what has been said above. There are men, for instance, like Frank Anstey in the Federal Party, who would be an acquisition to any bona fide labor movement. But they are few and far between; painfully few and far between!

I have said this parliamentary movement really came into existence after the maritime strike. To a very great extent it was merely an attempt to gain labor representation not, of course, for any social revolutionary end but rather to protect the existing unions and to obtain, if possible, such measures of reform for labor that would not seriously imperil the existence of modern capitalist society, and the nature of its origin partly explains its subsequent attitude and actions. There were, however, some exceptions to this. The Queensland Labor Party at the outset was, for a time, quite a militant Socialist organization and I doubt not but that other exceptions were to be found. But speaking generally, the whole movement might be summed up as pure and simple laborism in politics with all that that expression stands for. And that has been the history of the movement right through the years, for despite the earnest and, at times, enthusiastic efforts of the Socialists, the political labor movement in Australia remains a purely "safe" party, largely a machine of the labor politician, and there are no immediate signs of any change. Yet, perhaps that is an unduly pessimistic view to take. There is, and has been for some time, a growing spirit of disgust amongst the unionists at the weak and worse than weak attitude of the labor politicians towards the master class of Australia and all the conditions that the existence of a master class imply. If the political labor "bosses" are to be dethroned the movement will come from the more militant industrial workers.

For a number of years, the various Socialist organizations in Australia existed for purely educational purposes. Most of the members belonging to the Socialist parties were also members of the various political labor organizations. For quite a time the Socialists believed that by means of persistent educational work inside and outside the labor organizations that a Socialist attitude and tactic towards modern society might be developed. However, at length a

majority of the Australian Socialists decided to form an organization that would recognize the labor party not as a supporter of the working class but rather a "labor" party permeated with the psychology of the petty capitalist class. The result was the formation of the Australian Socialist Federation that stands apart from the labor parties.

However, regarding the general attitude of the labor parties toward modern society one would express satisfaction or dissatisfaction in keeping with their view of what such a movement should be. If opportunism, temporizing, and the placating of ignorance and superstition, in addition to the frantic desire to obtain votes without inquiring too closely how the votes have been obtained, if all this, plus the advocacy of nationalizing monopolies "preference to unionism" and an intense patriotism like unto that of the capitalist press, is considered right and proper in a party of Labor, well, then not much fault can be found with the political labor movement in Australia! On the other hand, if you believe that the political party of labor should be frankly militant and, in recognizing the part it has to play in assisting in the birth of a new society, that it should scorn to placate the ignorance and the superstition of the many, that principles are infinitely more important than votes; if this is your viewpoint, then you will have agreed with me when I described the political labor movement in Australia as constituting a positive menace to revolutionary thought and aspiration.

There are, however, an ever growing number of men and women in Australia who never fail to insist upon the necessity that exists for a militant political party on the political field behind which will stand the industrially organized workers, organized not merely to make a pretty display on Labor Day, or to exist as mere machines for the return of labor "statesmen," but organized to take part in the world-wide struggle for Industrial Democracy.

Orrick Johns, writing in Alfred Kreymborg's magazine, "Others," has this poem, which reminds us of certain so-called labor leaders:

They made a statue
Of a general on horseback,

With his face turned nobly
Toward the crupper * * *
"Twas true
Of him
Quite half the time.

Socialism and the Citizen Army

(AN ANSWER TO HENRY L. SLOBODIN)

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

In his article in the January REVIEW Slobodin maintains that Socialism stands committed to "Universal military training and a citizens' army. " "Socialism in all its aspects," he says, "is to me a definite and familiar thing." And the character of this familiar thing has been fixed for all time by the Germans at Gotha, by representatives of the second international in session at Stuttgart, Copenhagen, and elsewhere. A part of this definite and familiar thing, as Slobodin proves conclusively, is the notion that we should have universal military training. So he asks, in some bewilderment, "why do the Socialists of this country raise their voices against the traditional and established policies of the Socialists' movement?"

My answer must be short, for space in the REVIEW is precious. In the first place, whatever a distinguished thinker like Comrade Slobodin may think, the Socialist movement is a movement and so cannot be a "definite and familiar thing." Least of all could the opinions of a million Americans in the year 1916 be settled by a group of Germans in 1875, or even by a few hundred internationalists, including seven or eight Americans, meeting at Copenhagen in 1910. I would rather be a Tammanyite than a Socialist who believes in running the world as Comrade Slobodin seems to think it is run.

In the second place, we must keep clearly in mind that this approval of military service does not, in any sense, flow from the accepted principles of Socialism. We believe that the working class is being exploited and that by organizing itself politically and industrially it can put an end to exploitation. Any policy which will aid it in putting an end to exploitation is good; any policy which will hinder it is bad. In order to prove that universal military training should be advocated by Socialists, Comrade Slobodin would have to prove that it would help rather than hinder.

This he does not do. This he does not pretend to do. This the inditers of the page-long European resolutions did not do.

In regard to the European attitude two

things are to be noted. The first is that European conditions are quite different from ours. Germany and France are within sight of people regarded as enemies. The second is that for most European Socialists this resolution with regard to military service was merely a theoretical sop thrown to people trained by their governments to believe in militarism. There was never a practical possibility of inaugurating such a scheme as the Socialists had in mind. The workers of Switzerland have found their much vaunted system is the same in effect as any other military system. In 1905 the Socialists of Switzerland protested against the use of their army in the breaking of strikes. No doubt if this whole matter had ever got beyond the realm of involved resolutions European Socialists would have taken a different attitude toward it. In any case, they were advocating its substitution for a much more drastic military regime. They were urging less militarism instead of more when they agitated in favor of it.

In this country we face absolutely different conditions. We have now no general, or obligatory military system. Anyone advocating the European scheme is agitating for more militarism in the place of less. No one suggests for us a foreign foe at a distance of less than 3,000 miles. Moreover, American Socialists are now facing a practical situation. This country is on the verge of adopting some sort of military system. The popular mind is not made up in advance. There is tremendous opposition to militarism on the part of wide sections of the population. We control about a million votes. Our agitation may, conceivably, turn the scale in one way or the other. We must really stop to think what we are doing. We must have a definite picture of what would result from the introduction of this thing which some of us so lightly accept.

When the members of our party voted, 11,041 to 782 against allowing Socialist representatives to appropriate money for naval or military purposes they voted, of course, against this scheme as well as against any

other conceivable scheme of militarism. This action represents American Socialism at the present time. And in taking this action, I believe, American Socialists are abundantly justified both from the theoretical and practical point of view.

But we are now dealing only with this one plan, so-called universal service. I believe this plan to be bad, in the first place, because it would furnish no means of defense unless supplemented by all the main features of present-day European militarism. Ten million men with rifles would be as useless as ten million women with brooms—unless we had a strong navy, unless we had an elaborate system of coast-defenses, unless we had a tremendous artillery corps with big guns up-to-the-minute, unless we had about as many highly trained officers as there are at the present time in all the armies of the world put together, unless we had a great corps of inventors constantly devising new ways of dealing out death, unless our whole civilization were mobilized for war. If this present conflict has proved anything, it has proved that numbers of men trained to bear arms settle nothing. Fights are being won by masterful military organization and by the use of mechanical and chemical devices which have taken years of time, millions of money, and the best brains of three great nations intent on war. Were the Germans who met at Gotha in 1875 in favor of all this? And is Comrade Slobodin in favor of now? Is it not true that this scheme was thought out in the ancient times of small business and small armies and individualistic handicraft war, and that our blessed theorists have gone on chattering about it in the day of big business and big armies and war based on the machine-process?

But the main argument against this scheme is of a different sort. It is precisely

the same one that is conclusive against any scheme of militarism whatever. Give a boy a gun, set him to presenting arms, right-wheeling and marching—and you make a soldier out of him. Anybody who knows modern psychology knows that this is just what you would expect. But we need not depend on the results of psychological experiment. Every boy who has ever served in the militia knows it; every person in the regular army knows it; everyone who ever had anything to do with any sort of soldiering knows it; every capitalist howling for military service knows it perfectly.

I know it from personal experience. I remember well the states of mind induced by drill in the old militia company. When our feet marched in step our thoughts soon began to march. As we learned to obey instantly without reflection the recipient, obedient attitude of mind became more and more natural and continuous.

We have all heard of the class-conscious soldiers who were going to refuse to shoot down strikers; where are they? Where and when was this much advertised military melodrama ever staged? It has remained a closed drama to this day; and it always will.

Yes, bearing arms induces the military, not the militant, state of mind. It makes men obedient and thoughtless, not to say careless of human rights and oblivious to the horrors of bloodshed. For us the important element in the matter is that obedient, thoughtless men are not good Democrats, not good Socialists. They are the worst material in the world on which to base a revolutionary movement. And bearing arms is bearing arms. The most important results are the same whether a man serves in a mercenary standing army, in a voluntary militia regiment, or in a "citizen army."



Homes for Yourself or Your Boss?

By J. A. MACDONALD

THIS is the story of denial, of foodless, shelterless, outraged lives, dark and hopeless as is the texture of the looted lives it aims to portray, but ending in promise.

Only a Dante, accenting the stygian portions of his Inferno, his pen dipped in the heart blood of toiling millions of earth's prostituted, could draw the full present picture. Ours can be but a suggestive outline, to which the reader must add out of his own experiences—all too common—the hunger pang deeper than the hunger for bread. Human longings and desires die hard, how hard only those who have themselves hungered in the wider sense can conceive. I will deal not with Hells, future or metaphysical, but with the hells of the here and now!

My story is that of the lumberjack as he exists—life in its higher and sweeter meanings is now impossible—in the cities of the Timber Empires of Northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan; in the camps where he toils that others may live; to where in the bread lines, no longer a Lumberjack, a producer, the curtain goes down over the derelict remnants of a sunless, hopeless, loveless, looted and murdered life.

Needless to say ours will not be the Lumberjack of the Maiden Writer Lady of Back Bay, Boston, building word halos over the cesspools of legal piracy, but the real lumberjack, strong in his vices and virtues, passionate and primitive—a man not a myth living in a world of illusion.

The Lumberjack is the pioneer of Empires for others. He is the miracle worker, the giant of the North. Moccasin-clad, Macinaw-shirted he goes into forests peopled by the animal dwellers of the wilderness only. To the thump of his axe and the whine of his saw cities are built, *but never for the Lumberjack!* These cities are for his bosses, his self-appointed masters, loved not wisely but too well. By his toil he feeds them foods that are to him a dream, he clothes their children, he buys costly textures for their women. Himself is mostly childless, shelterless, womanless, homeless. To him fatherhood is denied.

Through windows of homes made possible only through his sweat and agony, a

pariah, an outcast, he looks at happy wives and laughing children in the rosy glow of open fireplaces and the brighter lights of comradeship and home. To him home is a heaven distant and unattainable. Not knowing the gigantic murderous forces of which he is the victim he is despairing; or knowing, he curses an industrial system which makes the dollar standard and symbol of home, life and manhood. Inarticulate, mute, but dynamic of future action he wonders why idleness should be rewarded with smiles and luxury, and productive toil be cursed with agony, outrage and tears! The lack of dollars does not stifle his desires, longings and aspirations: these are deeper than any *veeरेर* code of morals or laws man made and man cursing. Strong, virile, red-blooded, is it to be wondered that his nature sometimes scorns unnatural laws the result of unnatural social and industrial conditions.

SOCIETY THE CRIMINAL.

Man can be studied only in the light of his environment. He without whose labor all homes were impossible, asks for home. This society denies him and drives him to the brothel, *and having driven, blames!*

The lumberjack is a social being. He longs for companionships. An industrial system founded on Dollaranity instead of Christianity, except as they can divert and destroy the latter to minister to the Dollar, drives him to the cheap companionships of the cheap lodging house and the saloon—*and having driven, blames!*

UNDERFEED—OVERWORKED.

The lumberjack's life is a sordid, dreary, nightmare of underfeeding and overwork. There is no pen too vitrolic to outline the conditions under which the overlords of the Northern woods have sapped the lives of their workers. Horses are better cared for, considered more valuable. To them there is nothing cheaper than human flesh and blood. Men are fed like hogs. The Cochran Outfit at Bena brags because it gives its men sugar *once a day*. Milk is never seen by the men in many camps. The hogs that are brought in camp are all belly, with buttons instead of union labels, and no

backbone, and the conditions under which the food is cooked often such as to preclude cleanliness. Dinner—or rather the lunch they call dinner—is generally served in the woods, with the men often knee-deep in snow and the temperature often 20 degrees below zero. A picnic with the knives and forks sticking to their lips!

THE LUMBERJACK'S "Home."

They are worked as the Southern Railway contractors used to work their mules, *before the mules got too valuable*. Some of the camps are as far as seven miles from the front and the men have to be on the job before daylight. Walking the distance from the camp to the job is not considered work—just exercise. After working till dark they walk back "home," some of them call it. It is their only substitute. Home does not, however, convey what the camps really are except in the sharpness of its every contrast. The principal difference between the "Lumberjack's home" and the orthodox hell is that instead of being filled with sulphur fumes, sorely needed, the lumberjack's hell is filled with vermin.

The bedding unchanged for a period often dependent on the number of years the camp has been in commission, is alive. After his first night in camp the lumberjack gets nearer than any inventor's model to being a perpetual motion machine. He is perpetually working all day and perpetually scratching all night. Staying awake all night to be awake early in the morning is no joke where they use lice instead of alarm clocks.

Otherwise the bunk houses are not all right: they are atrocious, damnable. Men are packed in them like sardines sleeping in the stench of drying garments, if they are armor-plated enough to sleep. There are often two men in a bunk: *A healthy man may be sleeping with a consumptive or syphilitic*. The bunks are two and sometimes three tiers high. The average camp bunk house is a breeding place, with all conditions right, for all disease germs that like filth. The air is disease-laden, murderous.

The wage for this work—and torture—is so low as to be almost unbelievable. Last season men were hired in Minneapolis and Duluth as low as five and eight dollars a month. Out of this the worker had to pay a dollar, or more, for employment fees, his railway fare to the job, and had to buy

clothing in the camp at prices that would open the eyes of a Captain Kidd to new methods of piracy, more effective and less dangerous than the old.

THE RAPE OF JUSTICE.

All laws of humanity, legislature and court have been trampled in the dust by the timber barons. The writer is open to conviction that there is in northern Minnesota, one camp which has conformed to the provisions of the law. For the boss law wears a smile. Law has a loaded club for the lumberjack. For him the beautiful mask is torn from the face of Justice and he finds her a repellent raped murderous hireling of his masters. Justice is a thing of loot and murder to the lumberjack and Liberty a myth.

As if to put salt on the wounds of the lumberjack and show the lumberworker their utter contempt for them the bosses in their kept press—many of them of the street-walker type—print a story of the lumberjack having gone on strike because the boss wanted to put bath tubs in the camps. That the boss is a wonderful fictionist is no new discovery for the lumberworker. The boss lies to him as to wages; he lies to him as to the camp conditions; he lies to him as regard the bunk house and anything or everything in connection with the job. The boss is often the kind of a liar who will not soil his

This is the full death flower of your civilization more ruthlessly savage than any barbarism.

Your strength has been the weakness of the worker, his lack of knowledge of his power and his lack of organization. A new era for the lumberjack is being born where his consciousness of power and his strength through organization will be your weakness.

Your czardom of outrage and abuse is doomed. The hands of your workers—strong hands and mighty to make or doom, now the hands of those who are beginning to think, are reaching for the power that is theirs!

The lumberworker—your past slave—is no longer unprotected from your rapacity.

The Agricultural and Timberworker's Organization of the Industrial Workers of the World is in the field with its motto: "An injury to one worker is an injury to all." *With the boss there will be no compromise, from the boss there will be no retreat.* The boss knows it as through putting the fighting force of this great organization of fighters behind the lumberjack, *wages have already been raised ten dollars a month.* The lumberjack knows it as he is, as the result, having a closer acquaintance with the lady on the American dollar than usual. He is now getting the kind of results he can eat and is hungry for more and organizing to get it.

Naturally and inevitably the boss is sorer than ever before at the I. W. W. His enmity—may we always be worthy of it!—is our title to the respect of the lumberjack. *A union the boss would like merits only hatred from the worker!* Our fight in the timber belt of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan is the fight of the lumberjack. Our union is the lumberjack's union and no one knows it better than the lumberworker. That is the reason that he is behind us with all the strength of his manhood. The better fighter he is the quicker he is joining and the greater his efforts. The lumberjack will, through his organization on the job, dictate and demand where in the past unorganized, he begged, and met the fate of the beggar.

Forces so powerful, that even we who are on the firing line cannot fully understand their potential energy, are being marshalled in a struggle for higher wages, better camps and human conditions.

Students of contemporary labor history should keep their eye on the timber territories as where the worker has been most abused, he will become most powerful. Consciousness of his power is for the worker the beginning of wisdom and *who can set limits to the possibilities of an awakened working class?*

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THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE REPLACING MEN IN MANY FOREIGN FACTORIES AND ARE PROVING MORE SATISFACTORY TO EUROPEAN "BUSINESS" THAN MEN WORKERS

LOOKING 'EM OVER

By LIVE WIRE

News from England is that wives of trades unionists have a hard time existing on the "weekly separation allowance" paid them by the government while their husbands are with the army. "However," writes Freda Tcherkesoff, "wives of casual laborers are in clover. These revel in the weekly payments, and some have spent the money on drink." Which is certainly a working class commentary. It's the organized workers who have passed through strikes, lockouts, boycotts, riots, battles, whose pay is highest and whose wives live better than those of the unorganized.

After the war, will the program of labor in all nations be for repudiation of war debts? Already this question is bothering Wall street. What will the

working classes of the nations at war do about the staggering load of debt on their national backs, all to be sweated and groaned out in cash payment by the working classes? Fear of repudiation has already hit financiers. The story comes pretty well backed that the dinner Judge Gary, president of the U. S. Steel Co., gave to Ex-President Roosevelt, was for the one purpose of getting T. R. to let financiers understand if he is elected president again, he will use U. S. battleships to enforce collection of war debts.

"I don't believe your old bastard theory of evolution; I believe it's pure jackass nonsense. When the consensus of scholarship says one thing and the Word of God another, the consensus of scholarship can go plumb to hell for all I

care." This is from a stenographic report of one of Billy Sunday's sermons. There's nobody the famous bull-slinger hates so much as an evolutionist. A minister named George R. Wallace, whose home is in Toledo, gave in to the pleas of fellow ministers that he should join in giving a welcome to Sunday on the latter's arrival in Toledo. Wallace is known in the Chautauqua circuit, being a lecturer for the Redpath Bureau on scientific subjects. The famous bull-slinger, it seems, has heard about Wallace, and in the middle of a sermon, Sunday shook his fist into the face of the Rev. Wallace and shrieked: "Stand up, there, you bastard evolutionist! Stand up with the Atheists and the Infidels and the whoremongers and the adulterers, and go to hell!"

Following in the feet tracks of the much esteemed Reverend Hillis as a trickster in other people's money comes now the Reverend Parkhurst, shown for trickster. Hillis has been a Rockefeller stool pigeon. And Parkhurst is a Hearst-Steel trust-Lead, South Dakota, stool pigeon.

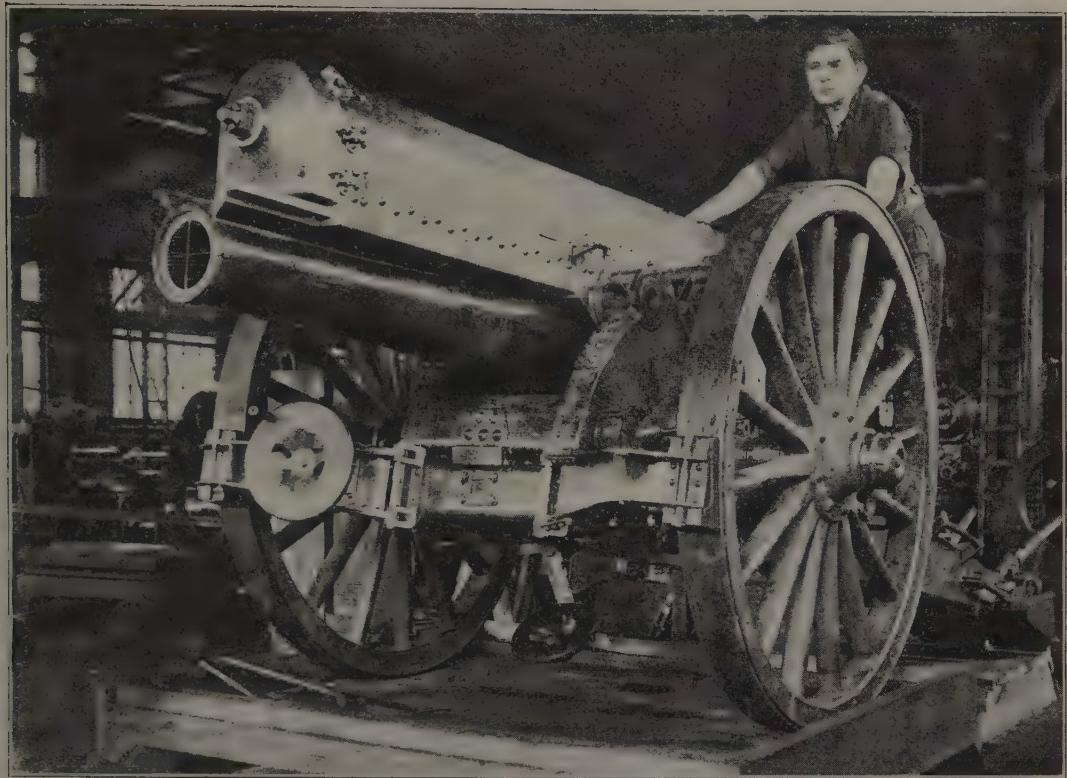
A roughneck who belongs to the Transport Workers of America writes a poem in *Labor Culture*, official organ of his union. As a poem it stacks up good, and we run every word of it right here, under his title of "The Shovel Slave of the Sea":

Down in the dark below
Stands the shovel slave
In front of the fires
He heaves and lives
In the heart of hell.
He is housed in a dirt damp cell,
Given rotten rations he can't refuse,
For he has no rights—
He is a slave on the sea.
That is the way it was
Before the Federation fight.
For Firemen's freedom on the foam
Soon no filth can be found
His berth will not be buggie and bare,
There will be blankets and linen there,
In his messroom his rations will be all
right.
For he is in a fight
To better his working conditions,
And he is a Union man on the main.

Gee, but Charles Edward Russel's kick shook loose a lot of cobwebs in the Socialist party. He breaks out saying if Germany wins this war, then the United States will have to settle with Germany, and the German way is to start a war and fight. And immejiate up jumps the born-in-Vienna Austrian, Victor Berger, and says there hain't nothing to be afraid of about Germany. All the intentions of Germany is peaceable—vy not, vy not? asks Victor the burgher of the Milwaukee Social-Democrats. O, very well.

We had tea with Jim Larkin the other night. Or rather, Jim had tea and we took java. We asked Jim about a law the city of Chicago council passed. It says every public and private policeman on duty at a strike must wear his star on the outside of his coat so everybody will know he is a bull. During the garment strike the cops laughed at the law. Aldermen tried to get the law enforced. The city law department said it was a bad law, unconstitutional: There's one way to get such a law enforced, Jim suggested. Let the street car men refuse to haul passengers, and the milkmen refuse to deliver milk, and the teamsters refuse to hitch up their teams, and the railroad men refuse to move trains. Something like that. The working class can enforce any laws it wants. That seems to be the Larkin idea.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., street car company agreed to arbitrate with its motormen, conductors and power house men. So the men called off a strike and went back to work. The company pulled a fake arbitration. Its spokesmen hemmed and hawed and tried to screw the workers down to what they were getting before strike. So the strike was called again, the line tied up, scabs imported, along with sluggers and gunmen, and the rioting started. At the present writing, street car transportation has gone kafuey in Wilkesbarre, and it looks as though one more corporation is learning that a union which has been on strike won't stand for one of those fake arbitrations.



INTERIOR VIEW OF STEEL TRUST PLANT AT BETHLEHEM, PA., WHERE THOUSANDS OF FOREIGN WORKERS ARE OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID

U. S. Steel Co. hollers it's going to shove up wages ten per cent. Oh yes! Oh yes! We've heard that noise before. We remember the Armour and Swift companies were going to raise wages right after the big stockyards strike. And we remember the cold figures brought before the industrial relations commission last year—figures taken off the employers' books—showed a drop in wages alongside a rising cost of living. On top the Steel trust comes that other faker, the Pullman Co., hollering about a ten per cent wage raise. Oh yes! Oh yes! We've heard that noise before.

Robert T. Lincoln, head of the board of directors of the Pullman Co., haunts us. Somepin' bogery and sceery about him. Think of having a dad like he had. If people ever turn over in their graves and groan after they're dead, then Abraham Lincoln surely moves his bones in

the grave and wonders to God how he was ever connected with the shrimp who's the head and front of the thieving, iron-handed Pullman Co.

Many a man out of a job works harder looking for a job than he would if he had a job. It's like the Butter Scotch Men we heard about. Sure, you musta heard about the Butter Scotch Men. They were little fellows. But they could never run until they got warmed up, and they never got warmed up until they ran.

Trade in Bibles is breaking all records, publishers report. Sales exceed normal by 50 per cent. American Bibles for Christmas business were printed and bound in 980 different styles and sold from 20 cents to \$50 a copy. War is hell, but it doubles American commerce in Bibles. What's the answer, Bohunk?

INSIDE

By Clarence Starr Camp

I AM in prison. I have a number attached to my name. I have been here several months, but I have no prison pallor, no lock-step, no hang-dog look.

There are several hundred other men here. Few of them possess the characteristics that go to make up the common idea of the "criminal."

A few weeks ago one of the institution officers was showing a number of visitors about the premises. They saw us marching to dinner. Something about our appearance seemed to astonish them. One of the visitors turned to his companion and said: "They don't look like criminals."

And that man's astonishment was marked in the faces of every one in the party. They all had come to the institution with the expectation of seeing a number of hard-looking, lantern-jawed, slope-browed convicts with short-clipped hair, a prison pallor and a haunted look in their eyes.

If they had have gone to some other prison where men are treated like animals, where there is no ventilation in the sleeping quarters, and where men are confined day in and day out in dark, damp, dirty cells, with nothing to read and nothing wholesome to eat, then they might have witnessed the kind of a sight they expected to see.

But when men are given a clean place to eat, work and sleep, plenty of fresh air, a school under competent instructors where they are given an opportunity for improvement while incarcerated, you will not see the things one is supposed by tradition to behold in men who are behind stone walls and iron bars. ***

Over ninety percent of the men entering prisons are not criminals. I have seen men cast into prison branded as dishonest and depraved. I have seen them go out and make good if given a decent chance.

Having lived and worked among hundreds of so-called "criminals" for many

months, I am able truthfully to say that I have found them not unlike other men. We of the "inside" are, I believe, a little less truthful, a little rougher, a little less educated than the average run of men. But this is to be expected.

The majority of us, however, are not naturally vicious or dishonest. A small percentage of all prisoners are to be considered as belonging to a criminal class. Just what this percentage is it is difficult to estimate with exactness; it is, however, safe to place it under five per cent. Men in this category are the victims of an unjust economic system under which we are forced to exist.

Capitalism, by denying the workers the product of their labor, in forcing them into unemployment and poverty, thus causing men to steal rather than starve, is obliged to build strongholds into which to incarcerate its unfortunate victims.

It has been estimated by Mr. J. M. Tadlock, director of education at the Washington State Reformatory, a man whose broad principles and untiring efforts have meant a great deal to those with whom he has come into touch, that 88 per cent of all crimes committed by the inmates of this institution are against property, and 11 per cent against persons, most of the latter being sexual.

We feel the deep injustice of a system that gives to the employing class the best there is in life, while we who toil with brain and brawn must be content with the crumbs swept from the table of Capitalism. Many men there are who, while at heart honest and upright, have become criminals because the injustice and cruelty of the Capitalist system has refused them work, compelled them to go hungry, cold and homeless, practically forcing them into lives of crime. Very often they are flung into very hells of bastiles, ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-treated, and left there to concentrate bitterness and hatred in their hearts for society at large, and to plan means whereby they can further ravish the sacred domain of smug capital-

ism when they are again allowed to wander in the paths of "freedom."

The capitalist class is opposed to all modern and humane methods of dealing with prisoners. They do not strive to better the man whom they have placed in confinement. Their object is to vindictively punish those whom they term the "undesirables" of society.

Many temperance advocates and others have voiced the opinion that the evil influence of drink does more than all else to cause men to commit crime. I admit this in the abstract. Probably eighty-five per cent of all men sent to prisons were either intoxicated when they committed the crime, or were suffering from the evil effects of liquor. But let us look further for the purpose before answering the question in the concrete.

Capitalism, by throwing men and women out of employment, forces them into the clutches of poverty. Poverty breeds drunkards. Drink distorts the brain. A distorted brain is without the faculty of wise or strong reason. Therefore the criminal.

Do not be content to say: "Drink makes criminals." Say rather: "Capitalism, through poverty and drink, is the great perpetrator of crime."

It may be confidently claimed that over half of all crimes committed are the result of poverty. The law of nature does not provide that men be born criminals. Jefferson said that all men are born equal. I believe that every man is born with the equal right to labor as he sees fit, obtaining the full product of his labor; to own his own home, and to be able to breed children into a world where happiness and plenty should prevail. But every man is not born equal in brain and muscle. The man who digs the ditch fulfills a function just as imperative to the welfare of society as the man who manages a railroad system. This being the case he should not be forced to slave and sweat

through life for a mere pittance, and denied the rights of a free citizen in a so-called liberal civilization.

But this is not the worst of it. The Capitalist system of grab-all for the few who do not work expands the ranks of the unemployed appallingly year by year thus making it necessary to build jails, workhouses, reformatories, penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, which, as you doubtless have learned, are well filled.

Don't look at the man behind prison walls with that nasty, curious, astonished expression on your face. Do not say: "O, they don't look like criminals"!

We are not criminals. We are just human beings like yourself, with hearts to feel with, heads to reason with, and most of us possessing a deep desire to live honestly, decently amid edifying environments.

Probably no institution of its kind in the world is doing so much to educate and build up men, and thus enable them to withstand the unjust conditions of a perverted economic system, as this reformatory at Monroe, Wash. The overthrow of the Capitalist system, however, would make all this effort and expense unnecessary.

I am in prison. I have a number attached to my name. People call me a convict, a criminal, a depraved undesirable. Perhaps it is so. But I would kill myself willingly if I thought I was so depraved, so criminal at heart as to derive profits from the work of poor, weak, work-bent children, or to stand idly aside and smile depreciatingly at the tears of starving babes, or the wailings of widows whose husbands have been wantonly shot down in cold blood by the hired assassins of Capital.

Thank God! Not such a criminal as that!

Washington State Reformatory, Monroe, Wash.





SOWING WHEAT BROADCAST BY HAND

THE STORY OF BREAD

By Glenn V. Johnson

Courtesy of International Harvester Company Service Bureau.

HERE is a story more than fifty centuries long. For fifty centuries the world stood still—waiting to be fed. Fifty centuries!—think of it—centuries of light, centuries of darkness. Great wealth sat in the high places, great poverty filled the lowlands; the few knew much, the many knew little; the thousands idled and were round and fat, the millions toiled and were cold and hungry; the world moved forward, yet the world stood still.

Man furrowed his brow, bent his back, and crumbled away before his time, all in an effort to scratch from the earth a few grains of wheat with which to keep the spark of life flickering in his starved and shivering body.

“Bread! Bread! Give us bread!” That was the cry. Year after year it was heard. But the world rolled quietly on its way, and the cry was not answered. The wise men were busy gazing at the stars, and those not so wise could not think of a way to more bread.

In the streets of London and Paris, and later, in New York, men, women and children fought for bread—just plain, common, everyday bread—the kind we place on our tables along with the knives and forks—the kind that is so cheap that hotels and restaurants forget to charge for it.

It seems rather strange that people should be forced to fight for bread. That is to say, it seems strange to us who live in this age of plenty. Oh, yes, it's true that our large cities still have their bread lines. But bread lines are not for the lack of bread. They are for the lack of something or other which puts up the fight that gets bread, and all that goes with it.

There is plenty of bread today, and it is cheap enough, too. Every bread line and every soup house is a sign that somewhere in our civic, industrial, or social machinery, something is out of gear.

But to go back to the days when people fought for bread—no farther back than your great grandfather and mine. They



DROMEDARIES ARE USED AS DRAFT ANIMALS IN SIBERIA

might better have saved their strength, for there was no bread to be had, for there was no flour, for there was no wheat, for there were no large fields planted, for there were no quick ways of gathering the harvests.

And all the while the world stood still. One can't move very fast, nor go very far on an empty stomach.

On a birthday, or a wedding anniversary, or Christmas, or some special occasion like that, can you imagine this conversation between a modern wife and her husband, as he grabs his hat and makes for the 7:08 that carries him to work?

"What shall we have for dinner today, my dear?"

"Oh, let's have bread!"

That's right, smile. But, in point of time, only yesterday, or the day before, to have had wheat bread on the table three times a day would have been to declare all days feast days.

Today, bread is so cheap, and there is so much of it, that the most abject poverty—the very end of the limit, as it were—is represented in the expression, "Not a crust of bread in the house." Given the acid test, this means that he who cannot afford bread cannot afford anything—a long step from the time when he who could afford bread could afford everything.

The world has moved some since it

ceased to stand still—waiting to be fed. You may not have thought of it in just this way—few of us have—but plenty of cheap bread oiled the wheels of progress for all time. And as the world had stood still for so many years, its release was a signal for leaps and bounds.

I was about to say that to know the story of bread is to know the story of the world. But suppose we interline this with the thought that to know the story of bread is to know the story of industrial and commercial progress. By its footprints we can follow the path that leads straight from serfdom to independence—from the man in a cave to the man in a skyscraper.

Ages of cultivation, and the experiments of thousands of unheard-of Luther Burbanks have given us the fine large grains which now go to make our daily bread. Enough of these grains were gathered from the wheat fields of the United States in 1910 to make nearly 700,000,000 bushels. Were all these bushels placed in freight cars, and the cars coupled together, there would be two mammoth trains—one reaching from New York to San Francisco, and the other from Regina, which is the capital of Saskatchewan up in Canada, down to New Orleans, in Louisiana, with several hundred cars backed onto the sidings.

Every morning the world wakes up hun-

gry. It has been doing this since the first woman first spoke to the first man. The morning of every day sees the world rub its eyes, stretch itself, push up the curtain, and ask for bread.

We have to learn to eat the oyster, and the olive and some other things better or worse. But we don't have to learn to eat wheat bread. It is the staff upon which strong nations lean.

We have mistakenly called cotton, king. It is not. Wheat is king, for it contains all the fifteen essential elements of nutrition, and food is more important than clothes. Were one compelled to go through life on a single diet, wheat bread would carry him farther and better than any other one article of food.

It was in the United States that wheat raising received its mighty impetus, for it was here the practical reaper was invented and perfected, which made great wheat crops possible, and cheap bread sure.

So why shouldn't we be great wheat eaters? The average amount of wheat eaten by every person in the United States is about five bushels a year. This, passed through the mill, comes out a barrel of flour, and then turned over to the baker is worked up into about two hundred and fifty loaves.

But America—large as she is, and great as she is, and much as she likes to boast—first in invention, first in agriculture—is not the only country where great train loads of wheat are raised.

The sun never sets on the harvest fields of the world. A writer, with much poetry and some truth in his soul, penned this: "The click of the reaper is heard round the world the year round." This is almost true, and therefore near enough for a poet—and the rest of us. What he had in mind was that every day in the year somewhere in the world, to use the words of the song we used to sing, they are "bringing in the sheaves." But the click of the reaper is not always heard. No, not always. It takes a lot of printer's ink and many strong rays of light to pierce all the far-off, dark places—little corners of the earth which for ages have stood still—waiting to be fed.

To follow the harvest year round the world, begin in January in the Argentine and New Zealand; in February go to East India, Upper Egypt, and Chili, and then

stay there till the end of March; with April, drop down into Lower Egypt, Asia Minor, and cross over to Mexico; May will shift to Algiers, Central Asia, China, Japan, and Texas; and in June the binder is at work not only in the fields of Turkey, Spain, and Southern France, but in California, where big machines are pulled by twenty horses or gasoline tractors, and in Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Utah, and Missouri; hot July is the busy month in the north of France, Roumania, Austria-Hungary, southern Russia and England, Germany, and Switzerland, and, returning to America, in Oregon, Nebraska, southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, Washington, the group of Central States, New York, New England and eastern Canada; August is a little more quiet, but still plenty to do in Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, the Dakotas, and western Canada, aptly termed "the bread basket of the world;" September brings harvest days to Scotland, Sweden, Norway, and northern Russia and Siberia, where some day enough wheat will be raised to feed the people of the earth; October continues the harvest scenes of these countries; November is divided between South Africa and Peru; December returns the traveler to his starting place—back to Argentine—and thence to Uruguay.



PLOWING IN CEYLON

and Australia for a prosperous holiday well earned.

Before a man can work well, he must be well fed; before he can be well fed, large crops must be planted; before large crops are planted, there must be a quick way of harvesting.

This is a philosophy so simple that a child can understand the truth of it. And yet the brains of the centuries never thought of this in just this simple way.

It is rather odd that people should be cramped with hunger, and yet not rise and say, "Here! we will find out what's the matter!" In this hour of system and the working out of the laws of economy, we are told to do the first thing first. The doctor relieves the patient, and then cures him. And so, in working out a plan for the progress of the world, it was essential that the world's people first be well fed. By skipping along down the years a goodly array of talent is seen doing about everything save the one great thing—finding a way to provide more bread.

Galileo was busy with the telescope and pendulum, and the poor farmer, Newton, saw the apple fall, and gave us the law of gravitation. The lid of a teakettle fluttered, as it had been in the habit of doing since the day fire was first kindled under water, but Watt was near and turned steam into power. In America, Fulton used this power to turn the wheels of a steamboat, and Peter Cooper, another American, followed Stephenson in England by putting steam into an engine called a locomotive. Printing was invented that the world might have more books to read; but man tilled the soil with a crooked stick and reaped the harvest with a sickle—just as had been the way from the days of Boaz—and only the few had time to read.

Scientists had time for the problem of the origin of man; but not for the problem of how to feed him. This was so all the way from Copernicus, the father of science, to Darwin, who was born the same year as McCormick. In the Old World, Darwin pointed back to the trail along which the human race had climbed; in the New World, McCormick pointed to the heights up which the race was yet to go.

All the thought of all the philosophers failed to contribute a mouthful of bread to the hungry; literature flourished as it never



THRESHING IN EGYPT

has flourished since; music marched from master to master, and poets sang their sweetest songs; art was born and nursed into everlasting life; soldiers fought and captured, and again fought and were captured.

Josiah Wedgwood was busy making beautiful plates in England, whither the art had drifted from Holland. But he soon discovered just ahead a greater task than plate making. He had to educate the public to the use of plates. It was a very difficult proposition to persuade men to buy plates from which to eat bread, when it was next to impossible to get the bread. It was very much like asking a man to spend his last dollar for a pocketbook in which to carry his money. Wedgwood furnished plates fit for the Queen. It was in doing this that he coined the word, "Queensware." But he could not furnish bread.

Truly, to borrow a line from Dickens, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

So far as is known, Whitney's cotton gin is the only invention that ever actually brought on a war. It so increased the value of slave labor that the clash between the North and the South could not be longer staved off. If it is true that the cotton gin caused the South to take up arms, it is

equally true that the reaper caused her to lay them down again. To use the words of Stanton, Lincoln's war secretary, "The reaper was to the North what slavery was to the South." That is to say, the reaper released the young men of the farm for duty on the firing line without cutting off the supply of bread, just as the slaves worked the plantations of the South while their masters were away with the army of the Confederacy.

The reaper removed the hobble from man's right to the pursuit of happiness. It drove drudgery from the farm, and released two-thirds of the population for the shop, the store, and the office—and factory.

And so, to make a long story short, as everybody says but the story teller, the wheels of industry were set in motion, modern business was born, and commerce reached its arms around the world. American civilization pushed westward at the rate of thirty miles a year, and older nations awoke to greatness. Railroads came, cities were builded, and inventions multiplied.

Every tall building is a monument to cheap bread.

Were it true today, as it was a century ago, here in the United States, that ninety-seven out of every hundred people were kept busy raising enough to eat—were this true today, I repeat, how many skyscrapers, and railroads, and factories, and business houses do you think the remaining three people could operate? Broadway in New York, and State street in Chicago, and Market street in San Francisco would be little more than cow paths, along which a few traders played the game of barter and sell.

We owe everything to something else. Life is one long evolution, in the process of which none escape with their lives. But when we are really ready for a thing, we open our hands and there it is.

Follow a bit. An Italian, Columbus by name, sailing from Spain, found millions of new acres. Freedom, which exists only with the well-fed, hurried an old world people into a world that was new. McCormick, an American, put his reaper onto these acres. About the same time, Stephenson, in England, got up steam in the "Rocket"; and Faraday, also an Englishman, harnessed electricity ready for work. There was the line-up. The world was ready. A shout—and progress was off!

The business of railroads is to carry things from where they are to where they are not. And the business of the reaper was to give something worth the carrying. Railroads have been called "empire builders"—they carry settlers and the things they need and use into a new country, and then carry back the crops the settlers and things raise. The reaper had to precede the railroad, just as broad acres had to precede the reaper.

The Greeks and Romans were long on art, but short on bread. Sit tight, else the jar of the next statement will dump you out. A modern farmer, with the practice of modern scientific knowledge, and the use of modern machines, can with three months' labor raise as much wheat as could an old Roman had he worked ten hours a day, six days a week, for all the weeks of his three score and ten years. In the time of Nero it took four and a half days' labor to raise a bushel of wheat; when the reaper was invented it took three hours; and in the time of Wilson it takes ten minutes.

The smallest crop in a new country is not children, and so the reaper came at the right time.

The years have a habit of forgetting those who try—and fail. Somehow we remember only the successful. So we shall never know just how many tried to think of a reaper, or how few actually worked at building one.

But as the world grew older, the cry for bread grew louder.

Some sort of reaper was used in Gaul, and Palladius, four centuries later, described a similar machine. But they fell into disuse and disappeared.

In the twenty-second year of his vigor—1831, to be exact—McCormick pushed his first reaper out of the blacksmith shop on his father's farm in Virginia. Previous to this eventful year, there had been granted for a similar kind of machine forty-six patents—twenty-three in England and twenty-three in the United States. From this record it is seen that the entire credit for the reaper goes to the English speaking people.

McCormick, great as was his invention, and thoroughly as he believed in it, did not foresee that he was giving to the world cheap bread which was to turn the wheels of progress as they never before had been turned.



TURNING EIGHT 14-INCH FURROWS WITH A 45-HORSEPOWER OIL TRACTOR

Every great new idea that has benefited the world has had to fight for its life. First, we laugh; then, discuss; then, adopt. The leaders of one century are assassinated that their followers in the next may erect monuments to their memory. Yesterday, the authors of new ideas were beheaded; the day before that they were burned; and as a proof of how civilization has advanced, today we merely sick onto them the penny humorists.

It is so easy to follow along in the old, smoothly-worn rut.

One would naturally think that with centuries of poverty, toil, and hunger back of it, the reaper would have been welcomed with open arms, as it were. Farmers sat on the fence, watched it work, shook their heads, and went back to their cradles. And labor cried that the reaper was trying to rob it of the right to work. Work! Perhaps you do not realize just what that meant eighty years ago. In the hot harvest fields sixteen hours a day at a wage of three cents an hour.

Broad acres cultivate broad visions. Before one can do big things, one must think big things. Big farms followed the reaper. The cry of "Westward Ho!" was heard.

Civilization answered the cry, and farmers watched their acres broaden to "as far as the eye can see."

Men were set thinking. They mixed brains with seeds. Soon they found that hard thinking pays better than hard labor, and agriculture had its rise from "the phases of the moon" to an exact science.

The study of soils, seeds, fertility, insect pests, and the like was taken up, and farming became less a gamble with nature, and more a matter of knowing what to do and how to do it.

Ferdinand Kinderman, a Bohemian, regarded as the father of industrial education, introduced the study of agriculture into his schools in 1771. At about the same time France gave some small attention to the study of agriculture. The first agricultural school in America was the Gardiner Lyceum, established at Gardiner, Maine, 1821. None of these schools, however, did very much for the advancement of agriculture.

The world was waiting for the reaper. With its coming, and the improved farm machines and implements which followed, agricultural education slowly rose to a place of genuine appreciation.

TEXAS JUSTICE! 99 YEARS!

By NILS H. HANSON

WHEN reading this chapter of brutality and injustice, a couple of historical facts should be kept in mind. It should be remembered that the oppressors try at every opportunity to crush those most active in the struggle for a change of the present system to a better one.

Such was the case when the eight-hour movement was launched in the eighties. For their active propaganda the Chicago martyrs were hanged and others were given life imprisonment. Some were released a few years later "because," said the law then, "they were not guilty of the crime charged with." But those hanged could not be called back to life. Neither can the life of Joe Hill be re-called, though the fact remains that he was executed because he was a revolutionist.

Before we go any further let us also remember how they tried to get Debs, Haywood, Moyer, Pettibone, Mother Jones, Ettor and Giovanitti and Caruso; and how they are now keeping Ford and Suhr in for life-time imprisonment because of their organizing the hop pickers in California; the Lawson case in Colorado, and the James Schmith case in Aberdeen, S. D. It's a long line of names.

The above has only been pointed out, that we may more clearly understand that the doings down in the dark State of Texas are nothing new—and also that in the past the united action of the workers has opened up the prison gates, and let out into the sunlight many of those who were willing to fight the battles of labor, and whom the rulers saw were a danger and a menace to the present order of society.

CHARLES CLINE—AN AGITATOR OF THE SOUTH.

Undoubtedly, many rebels remember the lumber workers' fight in Louisiana, 1913. There were more than fifty in all who were tried by the Santa Fé judges. The court allowed only 36 witnesses on each side to be paid by the state. But there were almost 200 for the defense. Charles Cline was the man who then made a house to house canvas to raise the money with which

to feed and pay the expenses for those witnesses not paid by the state.

All his life Charles Cline—as well as Rangel—have been active men in the labor world of the southwest. Cline has been a leader in strikes, and has suffered with his class indescribable tortures at the hands of the masters and Kirbyites through the southern states.

This same Charles Cline has now for more than two years been imprisoned in the state of Texas. And he is still waiting for the workers—those whom he has fought for and is still willing to fight for—to come along and give him a hand and release him from the clutches of capitalism.

THE FOURTEEN MEXICANS.

In September, 1913, about twenty Mexicans were on their way to cross the border from Texas into Mexico. On the 11th of September, early in the morning, while peacefully camping, they were attacked by a sheriff and three deputies, and the city marshall of Carriza Springs, Dimit county, Texas. The sheriff killed one Mexican, S. Lomas. He admits that himself on the witness stand.

Two deputies—one Mexican and one white man—were then taken prisoners by the rest of the Mexicans, who started with them to Mexico. They traveled all that day, and all the 12th, and part of the 13th, when they were overtaken by the sheriff's posse. They were then all made prisoners except three or four who were killed by the posse.

In the battle one deputy sheriff, Ortiz, was also killed. And for this fourteen men—four especially—were charged with murder. This deputy was the same one who previously had been taken prisoner by the Mexicans. The other deputy, the white man, Buck, was later the star witness for the state.

Charles Cline was not a bona fide member of that party of men on the way to Mexico to join the revolutionists in their fight for freedom. He happened to be on his way to investigate some labor trouble, and inadvertently he met the Mexicans, and was with them for a few days. But

as soon as the sheriff had killed Lomas, and the two deputies were made prisoners by the Mexicans, Cline left them, and was again left alone on his mission. But in the morning of the same day as the others were taken prisoners, the sheriff's posse met him also. He was soon offered his release if he would turn state's witness against the others. But this he refused to do. And for this, literally speaking, he has been sentenced to spend the rest of his life inside the dungeons of Texas.

The 14—Cline included—were taken to Carriza Springs and put into jail. A rush was made by the law-machinery of Texas. They were going to be tried all at once. But as they failed to get a jury qualified at Carriza Springs, a change of venue was granted and the trials commenced in Persall, Frio county. L. Gonzales was given 6 years, J. Serrato 25. Another change of venue was granted, and some were to be tried in San Antonio, Bexar county.

DECIDED BY THE MASTERS.

The following is a list of the men and the sentences they received. Most of the cases have been appealed, and one at least given higher sentence—that of L. Vasquez which was raised from 10 to 25 years. Some of the cases were appealed more than once, but that of J. M. Rangel was not appealed at all, owing to lack of funds.

J. M. Rangel.....	99 yrs.	E. Alzalde.....	15 yrs.
Charles Cline.....	99 yrs.	Ortiz.....	15 yrs.
A. Cisnero.....	99 yrs.	P. Perales.....	10 yrs.
J. Gonzales.....	99 yrs.	B. Mendosa.....	10 yrs.
L. Vasques.....	25 yrs.	L. Mendosa, son of B. Mendosa.....	5 yrs.
P. Martinez.....	25 yrs.	L. Gonzales.....	6 yrs.
Joe Serrato.....	25 yrs.	D. Rosa.....	3 yrs.

With the exception of Charles Cline all of these men are now serving their sentences. Cline has had several trials, and he expects to get one more and be released. The first trial was Sept. 28, which resulted in a "hung" jury. The 12th-17th of Feb., 1914, he was tried again and was given 99 years. Case was appealed and reversed and new trial ordered. He was again up for trial Oct. 4th-11th, 1915, and was given life imprisonment.

CLINE AFTER SEVENTEEN WEEKS IN SOLITARY.

In "Solidarity" for June 27, 1914, Georgia Kotsch writes, in part:

"Listen to Charles Cline after seventeen weeks in solitary, suffering from an injury, in a cell so small he must lie with cramped limbs on his piece of canvas on the floor.

"What can we do for you, Cline?"

"If the boys outside could get together and get me a little chewing tobacco—"

"That was all he asked for himself. But

for the cause which has his devotion he said, 'Go out and tell the whole country the situation down here.'

"The boys on the outside—" continues Georgia Kotsch, "can they forget Charles Cline in his dungeon cell?

"It was for organizing, for teaching working class solidarity that Rangel, Cline and their associates were apprehended and brought under the shadow of the gallows. What stupid Texas official dreamed that anyone would care?

"We must put Rangel and Cline and their co-workers back upon the firing line for many more active useful years. We cannot afford to lose such men for our own sakes. 'The boys on the outside,' must, 'get together,' and carry the banner of labor's solidarity into Texas to replace the little red emblem stolen from the dead body of Lomas."

THE LAW.

The little red emblem referred to by Kotsch, must be the Manifesto of the Liberal Party in Mexico, which was found in the pocket of the dead Mexican. And that was the only evidence the state has been able to produce—resting on the law under which these cases have been tried. Of course, the real crime these men have committed is that they are rebels. Besides, they were charged with having murdered a deputy sheriff—after the sheriff and his posse had first murdered two or more of their number. And don't forget that nothing has been said in regard to the killing of the workers—by the officers of the law.

The law under which the state tried those cases was a conspiracy statute in regards to the invading of a foreign country, not in war with United States, and commit a crime therein of the grade of felony.

In the first place the whole thing should have been handled by the federal government. The State of Texas had no right to try these cases. And it has no right to continue to try Charles Cline—that is if we want to go by the letter of the law. But soon after the fourteen were arrested the U. S. government took the matter under investigation and refused to have anything to do with it.

MOVING PICTURES TO PREJUDICE WITH.

To prejudice the people of Texas and those who would probably be drawn as jury men, a moving picture was made up, with

the sheriff as hero—as is always the case. It was advertised all over Texas thus:

DON'T FORGET! DIMIT COUNTY SMUGGLERS MOVING PICTURE FILM. QUEEN PICTURE SHOW TONIGHT. 20 SMUGGLERS, 3 KILLED, 3 ESCAPED AND 14 CAPTURED. THIS HAPPENED SEPT. 14, 1913.

Then in smaller type was detailed a sensational account of the cases from the viewpoint of the prosecution, concluding:

"This show is taxing the capacity of show houses All Over the United States."

"ARISE TO THE CALL OF EMANCIPATION."

"Arise then and retaliate," says Charles Cline, lying in the dungeons of Texas.

I wish that every one who reads this would have an opportunity to spend at least twenty-four hours inside a jail in Texas.

Perhaps then they wouldn't need to be persuaded when it comes to give a helping hand to some of the "roll of honor boys inside."

As the world goes on and we see more and more men rotting in prison, we stop to wonder where it is all going to lead. We wonder if the workers will ever wake up

and recognize their strength and power. For many it is hard to fold their arms when knowing what their comrades and fellow workers are going through in prisons—for fighting *their battles*. And it is such men we want. It is men of action who are needed in this struggle for freedom. It is men with red blood and a punch in them that are wanted in the revolutionary army—or the industrial fighting machine.

Such men were the fourteen Mexicans. Such a man is Charles Cline, who is waiting for your assistance for his defense. Because of inadequate publicity and defense the other thirteen were railroaded—but don't let Charles Cline go the same way. As I mentioned in the beginning of this article, you have saved some men from prisons before, and you can do it again if you want to.

Charles Cline must have a new trial and be freed. He is too valuable a man to spend the rest of his life behind prison bars. "Send your mite, be it ever so small," to Truman Evans, Secretary Cline Defense Com., 2612 W. Houston street, San Antonio, Texas.

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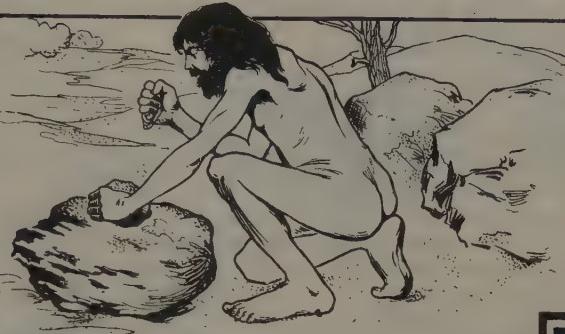
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BIG FOOT'S NEW WEAPON.

A STORY
of the
CAVE PEOPLE
by
Mary E. Marcy



THE great flood that came in the spring brought death and misery to the tribes of savages that lived upon the banks of the river. Many were drowned in the swift waters, while others were borne away and scattered in strange lands. A few members of the tribe of Cave Dwellers found safety in the trees near the old Hollow. Far below, many of their brothers and sisters, with the men and women of other tribes, clung to the great trees where they also found security.

Strong Arm, Quack Quack and little Laughing Boy were among these. With the Foolish One and the Hairy Man they lived in the great banyon until the river crept back into its old channel. Then they descended upon the earth once more and began their long journey toward the Hollow, where they had lived with a small group of Cave Dwellers, the people of their own tribe.

All the face of the world seemed covered with a layer of rich mud, deposited by the river. The sun grew warmer with every day and a hot steam arose continually from the earth. Strong Arm and his little band made their way slowly, for the moist air gave them a fever and weakened them. Always it was very difficult to find food, for the roots lay buried in the soft mud. It was necessary to search in the branches of the trees for the nests of birds, and occasionally they found a few gulls' eggs.

For two nights they had slept in the limbs of trees, while Strong Arm watched wearily lest an enemy approach.

Already at this early stage in their journey the rank grasses of the tropics were springing up. A thousand creeping things thrust out their heads from the mud and slime. And the tracks of the black bear, the wooly-haired rhinoceros and the sabre-toothed tiger were seen once more along the river bank.

Very cautiously this small band of savages advanced, for they had only rough sticks to use in defending themselves. On the third day they had traveled but a little way and of eggs they found none, nor any other thing. Their stomachs cried for food and they ventured beyond the skirts of the wood, where dangers lurked, seeking something with which to satisfy their hunger.

Strong Arm advanced, with caution, ahead of the little party. When he had gone but a little way, before him, from the cane, there arose suddenly a huge man. He was taller than any man among the tribe of the Cave Dwellers, and with a stout stick he struck Strong Arm a blow on the head that dashed him to the ground. Though the arm of the big man was swift, it was not much quicker than Quack Quack, who threw herself upon him from behind. Laughing Boy added his blows to hers, scratching and biting the legs of the stranger with all his young power, till he also lay motionless.

A soft movement in the cane announced the presence of another and more wary enemy. But the blows of Quack Quack, the Hairy Man and the Foolish One soon drove him from cover, where they beat him freely, till he threw up his hands in a gesture of submission.

Then, borne on the winds that swept the old forest, came a faint smell of fresh meat to the nostrils of the hungry group. The anger of the travelers was soon forgotten and Strong Arm now commanded the two strangers to lead them to the feast. With a great show of friendliness, they limped forward and conducted their victors to a fire that blazed above a pile of rocks.

And they poked away the coals that covered a basin fashioned among the stones, like a great oven. Covered with large leaves, lay the roasted body of a man, which the two strangers dragged steaming from the flames. Then the Cave Dwellers and the strangers seized each his portion of the meat and fell to eating. And the flesh of the roasted man seemed very good to them.

Till the new moon grew round and full, the Cave People and the Hairy Man remained with the strangers, while the water slowly drained off the swampy river banks and the way toward their old home in the Hollow became more safe.

They now had always the wonderful Fire with which to protect themselves against the forest animals. No caves there were and the trees abounded with the green snakes and many other enemies, but for all these the small group of men and Quack Quack, the woman, were not harmed.

Upon the rocks they kept the fire burning continually and at night they slept securely while some among them fed the blaze.

Very soon the Cave People began to call the shorter of the two strangers Big Foot, because his feet were very long. The other they called Tall, on account of his extreme height.

Although Strong Arm, Quack Quack and the Foolish One were from tribes strange to Big Foot and Tall, they were all able to understand each other perfectly, by means of the simple gesture language common to all tribes in the lower

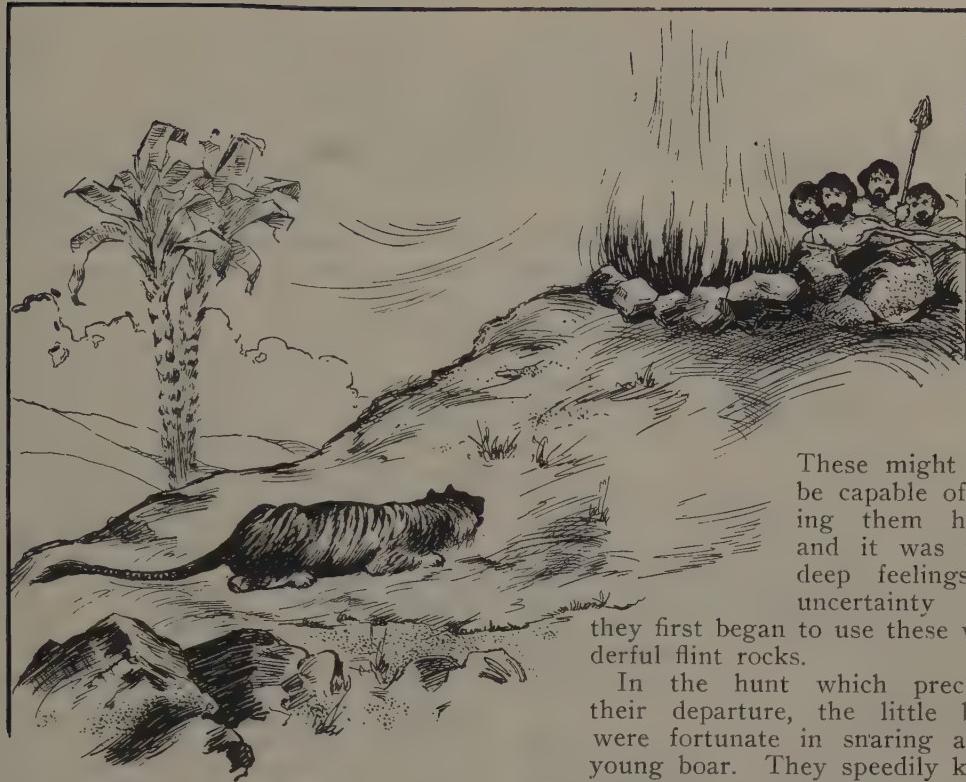
stage of savagery. Thus, the Hairy Man, from still another tribe, had no difficulty in making himself understood, nor in learning the thoughts or wishes of his companions.

One day, when hunting, the little band came upon a flint pit. To the Cave People the old gravel bed meant nothing, but Tall and Big Foot became greatly excited, and they grabbed the flakes that had become chipped from the flint cores and dashed them violently against a great stone lying near. Faint sparks flew. Then Tall covered the rocks with the feathers of a dead fowl and struck among them with the flint flake. Soon the feathers were ignited by the sparks. And Strong Arm and Quack Quack marveled at the Fire Beast which the strange rock had been able to summon.

The tribe from whence Tall and Big Foot came, had long known the use of flint in kindling fires, and well they knew the treasures they had found. From them the Cave People learned, also, and Strong Arm and Quack Quack bore with them always thereafter, one of these strange and wonderful stones, with which they soon became able to call forth the Fire Beast to their protection.

More and more, as the days passed, Tall taught them wonderful things. The flesh they cooked remained sweet for many days and did not grow rank with time, as raw meat did. Thus a new hope sprang up in the hearts of the Cave People, for armed with these rude flints, they were able at any time to kindle a fire and protect themselves from the forest enemies. Also they cooked their food and, this made possible the long, dangerous journey to the land of their fathers.

In spite of the height of Tall and the long limbs and great muscles of Big Foot, they wished always to carry out the desires of Quack Quack. Not only was she a woman, and for all women they cherished a great tenderness, but also was she strong, and both these men were unable to forget the blows she had given them when first they had attacked the Cave Dwellers and their little band. To Quack Quack, therefore, they looked for commands and they obeyed her words and gestures, while they sought her good will. But in spite of all this, Strong Arm remained the leader over all, for he was



These might also be capable of doing them harm, and it was with deep feelings of uncertainty that they first began to use these wonderful flint rocks.

In the hunt which preceded their departure, the little band were fortunate in snaring a fat young boar. They speedily killed him and dragged his body to the top of a small, rocky hill. And they pulled out the loose stones, building a deep, basin-like oven, into which they put the body. This they covered with green palm leaves. Then a fire was kindled over this great oven and everybody made ready for the feast.

But the fragrant odor of roast meat reached the nose of the sabre-toothed tiger and he followed the scent till he came to the small camp. And all the stray members of the little band crouched low on the opposite side of the big blaze in mortal terror. For here there were no caves in which they could take refuge and their numbers were too few for them to fight the enemy safely in the open.

But all the loose stones they had dislodged and pulled out when building the great oven, lay about them. And they gathered them up and piled them high like a great wall, for they feared an attack from the rear. And the rude wall of stones rose almost to their waists.

Very warily the tiger crept up the hill and approached the flames. The wind bore the smell of the roasting meat

able to stand up before any man in the group, and the words which he spoke and the desires he made known were always for the good of the band.

So it came about naturally that when Strong Arm and Quack Quack signified their desire to return to the Hollow, which was the old home of the Cave People, that the Hairy Man, Tall and Big Foot gave heed to them.

And they all made preparations for the journey. The large bones which they had found, were made formidable, when they were cracked and split open at end. Also they gathered knotted limbs from the trees, which the Cave People were accustomed to wave savagely around their heads, crushing in the skulls of the enemy.

But they prized nothing so highly as the rough pieces of flint flakes which they dug from the old gravel bed. Wonder and awe they felt for these strange stones, and not a little fear. To them even inanimate things possessed life, and the small flakes of flint were only a new, queer sort of animal that had hitherto befriended them by calling forth the great Fire Beast.

squarely into his teeth, and lured him on. But the wind carried, too, the thick smoke upon him, and he choked and paused to reconnoiter. As the wind died down he advanced hungrily, but the smoke and sparks from the flames sent him back to the foot of the hill.

The little band of savages watched him, while their limbs trembled and their hair stood on end. Between them and the tiger roared the tall sheet of flames, but soon he began to circle the hill seeking an easy way of attack. Below the rude wall, erected by them, the terrifying smoke and flying sparks no longer threatened. And he sniffed the air and advanced cautiously.

In the meantime, the small band of savages were rendered almost beside themselves with fear. Of weapons they had none. All their new sharp bone spears lay at the foot of the hill, with the great knotted clubs. The Foolish One started one of the big stones rolling down upon the tiger, but it passed instead of deterring him.

Then Strong Arm seized a large burning bough and hurled it straight into the great beast's face. But the tiger crouched low on the ground and the blazing torch passed over his head without harming him. Low he lay, with his long striped tail swaying to and fro, like the tail of a great cat. His eyes glowed with rage and fear and his lips were curled back in a snarl of fury.

Of all things in the old forest the strange, red, flaming fire alone had caused him to hesitate. The fierce unknown spat out a breath of hot smoke that bit into his muscular throat and choked him and the hot blaze held a menace that thrilled his long, lank body with a new fear.

Still he did not give up. Never in all his strong, free life in the forest had he ever given up. But he retreated to the foot of the hill, circling round and round it once more.

Long he continued, with his body crouched low, and his head thrown up, scenting at once the rich odor of the roasting boar, and the thick smoke, so full of strange menace.

Again and again he advanced, driven by the hunger within him, only to retreat because of the fear that would not be subdued. But as the sun sunk low in the west, the little band scattered the flames and dragged out the roasted body of the young boar. From this they tore, eagerly, great chunks of the warm and dripping flesh and devoured them and one and all they thought no meat had ever tasted so sweet before.

During the feast they watched the tiger always, and they laid new branches upon the fire to keep it alive. But ere any one was filled—as savages were used to fill their stomachs after a long period of fasting—Strong Arm made known his wishes. Soon everybody understood his desire to reserve a portion of the young boar, that, should they prove unequal to the task of driving off the tiger, they might fling to him and escape.

To his wise suggestion all listened and obeyed except Big Foot, who declined to relinquish his portion. It was only after Strong Arm had thrust him down the side of the hill, threatening to hurl him to the hungry beast below, that Big Foot yielded. Once more Strong Arm had proven himself the leader of the band. Once more had his words resulted in the welfare of the group.

For, the flames having subsided a little, the smell of the meat drew old sabre-tooth irresistibly, and he made a bold and sudden dash upon the band.

But Strong Arm was quick also and a yell of warning he gave, as he threw a blazing bough upon him. But the tiger leaped over it and made his way nearer. Now the others seized burning branches and hurled them, until he must step straight upon the glowing coals to advance. And the fierce fires under his feet and the sparks and flames about him, sent the old fear through his blood and the tiger down the hill and through the forest snarling and howling with pain. Long they hear his roarings re-echoing through the old woods, but when darkness came on they descended and gathered more branches and leaves to continue the fire throughout the night.

"A GHASTLY JEST, MR. WILSON"

Now that it has been proved that the navy league and many of those who are promoting war agitation profit directly from the making of munitions of war, an investigation is promised.

This is no time for such buncombe, Mr. Wilson.

The evidence is conclusive now. We do not want a whitewash.

We remember how years and millions were spent in investigating the same set of criminals by the Walsh commission. We remember how they were officially pronounced guilty.

Now you and congress want to award them millions in contracts in order to bribe them to provide employment for the workers and never mention the crimes already proved against them.

We don't want another investigation that will find them guilty of treason, then a suppression of the report, and a call for the workers to rally "to the protection and for their benefit."

Shoot them, Mr. Wilson, for the traitors they are. Confiscate the property they claim as theirs, then open the mills by the government and in behalf of the whole people, and quit playing into the hands of the wreckers of civilization.

From the *American Socialist*, Jan. 8th, 1916.

REVIEW readers will recall that the pure and simple political action Socialists fixed up the constitution of the Party a while ago. Any member of the Party found guilty of advocating working class violence should be expelled, according to the new section (Sec. 6) tacked on to the constitution. Since that time William D. Haywood was withdrawn from the National Executive Committee, state organizations have been split in two, charters of locals have been withdrawn and hundreds of members expelled from the Party, while hundreds more left in disgust. The membership has dropped over one-half since 1912 and the membership toboggan goes merrily downward.

The membership report by states just issued by the National Office shows that only six states increased their membership in 1915 and the loss alone from dues amounted to \$10,733.50 during 1915.

It happens, however, there are times when it is convenient for Victor Berger and his editorial phonographs to go ahead with advocacy of violence. In this case it fits in with Milwaukee politics. The *American Socialist* of Jan. 8th says this is

no time for a mere investigation of those who are making a profit out of war munition. Instead of investigation (which is political action), President Wilson is urged to direct action as per these words: "We don't want another investigation. SHOOT THEM, MR. WILSON, for the traitors they are. Confiscate the property they claim as theirs, then open the mills by the government and in behalf of the whole people, and quit playing into the hands of the wreckers of civilization."

Are we to understand from this that the Victor Berger brand of Socialism endorses violence for President Wilson but disclaims it for the working class?

It was Victor Berger who went on record, as a Socialist congressman, by proclaiming that if the MacNamara brothers were guilty of dynamiting acts, they should suffer the legal penalties.

Quiet, peaceful tactics of talk for the working class. Political action for the working class. That's the Berger program.

But for President Wilson and the American enemies of the German empire: "Shoot them." This is SOME program.

"Physical and Military Training"

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

P HYSICAL and Military training for the working class is an old demand of the Socialist movement.

It was the demand of every International Socialist Congress. It is the demand of the Erfzut Program (platform) of the German Social Democracy and of every leading German Socialist, as Kautsky, Wilhelm, Liebuncht and others. Yet in advocating it I am taking my stand, not alone on authoritative utterances, but mainly on the interests of the working class, of democracy, Socialism and social revolution!

Armed force must be viewed as a means to an end. Armed force is a great social and political factor, greater than parliaments, greater than voting. As a social factor, as a political power, it is subject to the same struggle for its control between the dominating class and rising democracy as any other political power, as the power for the control of the government.

For the Socialists to declare that armed force is a bad thing and that Socialists should have nothing to do with it, is to take the position of the anarchists who declare that politics, voting and office holding are bad things with which no Socialists should have anything to do.

Armed force is good for the capitalist class and bad for the working class when controlled by the capitalist class. And in the control of the working class, armed force is good for the working class and bad for the capitalist class.

Certainly, physical control of arms by workingmen does not necessarily mean control of those arms by the working class. So long as the capitalist class will have control of the minds of the workingmen, it will also have control of the arms in their hands. But in this armed force differs in no respect from other political power in the hands of workingmen—voting, for instance. Yet the Socialists are in favor of enfranchising even the woman, although they know that the political power thus conferred on woman will be almost entirely and for a long time, controlled by the capitalist class.

And the Socialists are right. The future of Socialism lies in the lap of democracy. The great task before the Social-

ists is to REMOVE ALL THE POWERS OF GOVERNMENT, ARMED FORCE INCLUDED, AWAY FROM THE CONTROL OF THE RULING CLASS AND BRING THEM EVEN NEARER TO THE PEOPLE. The people will misuse those powers; the people will abuse them. This is all in the day's work. But what of it? Ignorance and corruption are factors in social life. But far greater factors are the class interests. If we Socialists trust that class interests must eventually teach the workingmen the right use of their vote, ignorance and corruption notwithstanding, we must also trust that the same great teacher will show the workingmen the right use of force.

The right use of armed force!

Can the Socialists really expect and hope from the future a realization of their aims without possessing armed force? Can they expect the working class to fulfill its historic mission with the force all in the control of the capitalist class?

I say "possessing armed force." For a working class in possession of the armed force will most likely not have to use it. The capitalist class minus armed force becomes politically so insignificant that it will cease to be even an opponent to a working class enlightened as to its true interests and determined to carry through the social revolution.

We are told that training the workingmen in use of arms will foster the spirit of militarism. In some instances it will, no doubt. But this should be no more an argument against universal military training than, that the argument of popular corruption is an argument against universal suffrage; than political corruption is an argument against Socialist political action.

Yet an armed people is the greatest, most effective preventive for militarism.

Militarism is an institution, with its own interests and aims. As such it seeks to dominate and control society. If there are other forces in society greater than its armed force and controlling it, then that society is not militaristic. And it is even more so in the case where the armed force is distributed evenly among the masses of the people. In a democracy in control of

its armed force, there is no military institution dominating *the* people and there is no militarism.

And United States is now confronted with the choice of either adopting universal military training or militarism. For who can now doubt that if the Socialist plan of an armed democracy is rejected, it will mean the increase of the standing army into millions.

Until recently, the capitalists were indifferent to the military establishment of the United States.—But no more now. The capitalists know that the United States must organize a great military force and they will take care that they are in control of the same. And opposition to an armed democracy will work into their hands. The United States can and will maintain an army of one or two millions, composed of capitalists and their retainers. An army of two millions may be organized in this country, all composed of capitalists themselves, their domestics, superintendents, managers, foremen, clerks, and other reactionary elements. From the thirty million wage workers the capitalists will organize two million of the elements hostile to democracy and Socialism and make it a felony for all others to possess as much as a hunting knife. And some Socialists are right now working into the hands of the capitalists to carry out this plan, most dangerous to the liberties of the people. The people have conquered their liberties by armed force. And by armed force they will conquer still greater liberties. Was it not on the field of Grecy that the armed English yeomen dealt a terrific blow to the armor-clad knights of ancient feudalism? Was it not the citizen army of the medieval cities that wrested liberties from the barons? Was it not the invention of the Democratic weapon of gunpowder that led to the overthrow of the monopoly of farms by the barons and knights? So every step towards freedom was accompanied by the conquest of armed force by the rising class.

Consider the beneficent influence that universal military training would have on the physical well being of the working class. The youth that is now dwelling in the slums, factories and tenements; the youth that is now buried in the mines; the youth that is now isolated on the farms; they would be brought together on the fields and learn to know of one another. The young working

men would have an opportunity to slough off the provincialism of his locality and broaden the horizon of his views of life. Bringing the workingmen together in masses has ever led to arouse their class-consciousness. The factory has done that for the workingmen. The spirit of sociality is aroused whenever men throng together for social work. There would be no better field for Socialist propaganda than among training companies. Indeed, that able Socialists are found in opposition to this great step forward of democracy, shows how sadly much there yet remains for teachers to learn.

It is argued that a "citizen army" would be worthless against a highly trained standing army as that of Germany. I deny it. The efficiency of the German army is due to the high efficiency of the German people and not to the military system. The military system is a weak point in the German army. A German "citizen army" would be far more efficient than its present system. It has been said, I think by Spargo, that democracies cannot be as military strong as aristocracies. This is erroneous. Germany and France may find an ancient parallel in Sparta and Athens. Sparta's military excellence remains still the marvel of ages. Yet, under the blows of adversity, Athens showed greater staying qualities than Sparta—France's democratic army shines in defeat no worse than Germany's in victory. The staying power of Germany's army in defeat has yet to be proven.

But why discourse of all this in a style of a military expert? What care we if universal military training is not the best military system for war and conquest? It is the best for democracy and peace. It is the best for freedom, freedom that has never espoused a timid swain; that never came to a people of itself, but had to be gotten by armed force; that never stayed with a people that was not always ready to protect it by armed force.

But it is noted that universal military training is distinct from universal military service, conscription—to the latter all Socialists should be opposed.

On the contrary, universal military training will obviate the necessity of conscription. The chief argument for conscription in England is that in the event of war a huge mass of untrained volunteers may be

made into a "uniformed mob," but not into a trained army. A people trained in arms will not need conscription.

Socialism stands for abolition of monopoly in arms and armed force; Socialism stands for democracy in arms and armed force.

Universal military training stands for the control of the armed force of society by

the people. It stands for physical well being of the people.

It stands for greater class-consciousness.

It stands for control of war and peace by the people.

It stands for greater power, for greater liberty of the working class.

Socialism stands for universal military training.

The Cow Child-Herds of Australia

By JESSIE MACDONALD

CHILDREN of the working class in farming districts of New South Wales (Australia) are in hundreds of instances treated like chattel slaves. This state has a big dairy industry. In good seasons hundreds of tons of butter are exported to Britain and there is a big trade for this state's dairy produce within Australia itself.

As in other countries where capitalism is well developed, it is necessary for dairy farmers to exploit workers in this industry so that their profits may be assured.

The most scandalous phase of the dairy-ing industry in the state of New South Wales and other states in Australia is in the employment of young children for milking cows. Life in rural Australia for adult wage slaves is so dreary, the conditions and wages so bad, that the average small (and big farmer) finds his own chil-dren the cheapest kind of labor.

These cow child slaves' lives are drab and dreary. Up at daybreak, many children of six to fourteen years, in wet or fine weather, from one week's end to the next, get the cows in to the milking yards, then milk from eight to fourteen cows each. Afterwards the little slaves feed calves and pigs, cut green fodder in winter, then having breakfasted on coarse fare, clean them-selves and walk four or five miles or more to school, where they arrive at any time up to 10:30 a. m.

They leave classes about 3 p. m., walk back to the farms, some of which it would be a satire to call home; milk the same number of cows as in the morning, after-wards turning the animals into paddocks or feeding them when grass is scarce. Having had a meal themselves, the cow slave chil-

dren retire as early as possible, tired out in mind and body.

For five days a week they attend school. On Saturday and Sunday the farm work is continuous. For weeks together the mother and her young family (and the Australian bush woman is usually most prolific) do all the drudgery of a dairy farm while the husband and father is away at contract work or anything that will help to increase his profits.

The young slaves see cows, think and dream of cows and talk cows until they are grown up. In a school essay one of these juvenile farm hands wrote "The devil is a fair cow." To say a man is a cow con-stitutes a bush Australian insult of the worst kind. It is probable that in Gallipoli many brave Australian hired assassins are cursing the Turks as "cows."

When the cow slaves leave home they usually drift into factories in the city or into a life joyous and easy in contrast with the slavery of milking cows and feeding calves and pigs on a farm in the bush. Usually the girls on these chattel slave con-cerns are physical wrecks at 18 years, spir-itless and listless as old hags, and with none of the joyousness of a girl on the thresh-old of life and love and happy adventure.

The dairy farmer is usually different only from an anthropoid ape in that he thinks; his thoughts being solely of cattle, pigs and the profits to be made from them. His wife is a morbid, child-bearing being whose life is one long round of nursing babies and slaving at the roughest work from daybreak until long after sunset.

Country school teachers tell dismal tales of their pupils' stupidity and dullness, their total inability to learn anything; also their

physical exhaustion even on arriving at classes in the morning. Humane school masters in the cow country of New South Wales allow the young slaves half an hour's sleep before beginning their mental tasks. The children benefit physically from this kindly practice, but the teacher makes himself disliked by visiting inspectors, for these schools show poor results—and the state wants results at any cost.

There is a delightful irony in the fact that education in all the Australian states is compulsory; irony, that is to say, in cow child slaves having to attend government schools when they are too exhausted from work to be capable of any mental effort whatever.

As in all schools run by the state for working class children, what is taught there is in the interest of capitalism, to make them efficient from the master class angle.

Australian state schools are secular. Although the superstition of religion is not taught, the worse superstition of patriotism is, and as in the U. S. A., saluting the flag of capitalism, in itself a religious ceremony, is part of school routine.

The Roman Catholic church has hundreds of schools all over the Australian commonwealth. The Catholic Federation, a well organized body, is endeavoring to gain a government grant for all their schools, as the children of the R. C. church are forbidden by their clergy to attend secular state schools. However, to the little cow slaves religion or sectarian teaching is alike. Taking their mentality from their environment, they are literally like dumb, driven cattle.

The social conditions of these rural chattel slaves are awful. They are housed like animals in overcrowded, ill-ventilated shanties, where unsanitary conditions are responsible for the blow-fly pest, which in these districts, during the long summer, is frightful.

While sex physiology is a subject severely tabooed in Australian state schools, though some medical men and women have tried to have it introduced—in dairy farmers' households children of the tenderest years become well versed in animal physiology.

As this is the one topic of conversation, other than milk and cows, it would be surprising if the young cow slaves were other than well informed on all that relates to the breeding of dairy stock.

The local state school teacher, usually a woman, boards with dairy farmers' families. She listens with amazement and embarrassment to the table talk, in which the youngest child milker joins. These juveniles have a knowledge of animal physiology truly astounding. Their parents would consider a knowledge of human physiology quite unfit for children and a subject out of place at school, where the same children in the cow districts are hopelessly dull. They are so physically exhausted from rough farm labor that it is a great mental effort for the average young cow slave to learn much more than reading and writing.

Milking machines are too expensive for the small dairy farmer in Australian states. He relies on unpaid child labor to make his surplus value, for he exploits either his own family or orphans boarded out to him from state controlled or Roman Catholic orphanages. The mentality of these unfortunate young chattel slaves is below normal in hundreds of cases.

A few philanthropists whom dairy farmers regard as mischievous Socialist agitators, occasionally write letters to the capitalist press complaining of cow child slaves' hard lives and their working conditions. The dairy farmer retorts that he has a right to govern his children and their working conditions as he pleases, and he objects to "socialization" of the country's important industries. He believes there is no country in the world where there is less female child labor in country districts than in Australia, a belief contradicted by statistics.

Boy slaves on a cow farm are liable for conscription under a Defense Act introduced into the Commonwealth Parliament by a so-called labor ministry. The ages for the military training of boy conscripts are from 12 to 18 years, when they are transferred to the senior cadets' forces. Who would be a boy in Australia, a working class boy, who begins to work at 6 years of age on a dairy farm? Or if he lives in a city, becomes a factory or shophand at 12, and is liable to be jailed if he misses his drill?

Note—The writer of this article was refused pictures of cow child slaves toiling in milking yards. The photographer who specializes in these pictures said: "It was inadvisable to supply them for publication as derogatory to the country."

CARRYING THINGS

By MAX ROEMER



EVEN in the very early days of primitive man, people had some sort of transportation; they had to carry necessary things from one place to another; they had to move from one place to another themselves.

Man's first means of locomotion, of passenger service, of moving from one tribe to another clan, from one hunting ground to another, was by means of his own feet. He walked. Many men never get anywhere today without using Nature's oldest passenger service.

People have always had to go where were the necessities of life, or have these necessities brought to them. Our early ancestors crept to the brook or spring for a drink of water, and our grandfathers and grandmothers carried water to their cabins or houses. The same was true of food and the things with which clothing were made and with which cabins or houses were built. Man's back was the original traffic department and man himself, the first power en-

gine. Now we turn on the faucet when we want a drink. I have often wondered why the breweries do not pipe houses with beer lines as the water companies pipe water lines. Doubtless they will if the drys do not win out before long. Then the man of luxury can have his Pabst on tap the whole year 'round without having to ring for "Hawkins" to bring it to him.

Long ago man learned to use rough sledges made of branches from the trees to transport things from one place to another. Then came the wheel, and along about this time wild oxen were domesticated, and wolves were tamed, and dogs and oxen were harnessed to the sledges or the two-wheeled carts and, behold! A revolution in the transportation industry.

And by and by man himself, climbed into the carts and rode about from one place to another. Then came horse power and boats propelled by oars or sails and the currents of rivers, and finally came steam and gas explosion engines. And now men have

learned to harness the great natural waterfalls and to make them turn the wheels that carry the wheat and flour, the cattle, the wool, the clothing and the coal from one end of a nation to another.

As one railroad man recently said in the REVIEW, every day those great delivery wagons—the railroads—pull up to the back yards of the cities of the modern world and discharge their great cargoes of food, clothing and fuel to supply the needs of the people.

And down deep under the surface of the earth gigantic pipe lines flow from one state to another over valleys and through mountain ranges, carrying oil to supply fuel for propelling the machinery of some of the shops and mills—great and small.

And thus water is borne into the houses of the people, and we no longer make candles or clean lamps, but merely turn on the light which comes to our very hands. Whole villages are now heated by one or two enormous hot water heating plants and a large portion of the garbage and waste material is carried from the houses to distant points where it is made over into fertilizer for nearby farms and truck gardens. We no longer carry "slops."

Your grandfather probably hitched up the buggy horse and drove fifteen or twenty miles when he wanted to impart a bit of news to one of his neighbors. His grandfather probably walked as far to see his friends. We call them up by telephone, or send telegrams, and now men are sending messages around the whole world by wireless and we have promise of an international telephone service.

I suppose the first man who built a second story to his house made a sensation in the early cities. Think of one room being piled on top of another! People doubtless came from miles around to see the new show place and talked about how crowded the world was becoming, and folks took their country cousins to see the new building along with the cemetery. Now we have flat piled upon flat, until the large apartment buildings are from forty to fifty stories high and one family living above another is one of the commonest sights in the big towns.

But people continued to pour into the cities and the streets which had previously been mere public highways began to be

strewn with street car tracks. And then somebody organized a company to build elevated railroads in order to relieve the street congestion. Next came tunnels and subway car service, and now New York City is being undermined to make a subway, or tube, *beneath* the old subway, while all the multifarious and complicated life of the city hums on above the hive of workers digging new tunnels and laying new tracks far below the sewerage systems, and the gas lines with the traffic of the old subway going on above, as usual. Probably corporations will be fighting for aero-service franchises next year.

And after all, when we consider the machine and transportation progress that has been made in the world, we will have to admit that most of it has been made for the sake of private gain, or profits first, and for service *afterwards*. Which causes one to wonder whether these grafting, stealing financial and industrial pirates who were able to appropriate the labor of working-men have not been of real service in the world's advance. Not intentionally, to be sure, but entirely in the interests of themselves.



Personally I have always wanted to say a good word for the world's greatest thieves, for the oil hogs who have refused to be satisfied until they had garnered the oil of the different countries under one management, who have lied and bribed and deceived and murdered, in order to organize the big industries and to centralize them into a few hands, their own hands.

We must grant that they have stolen these railroads and oil wells and coal mines, these lands and forests, but they have hired men to *systematize industry*, to centralize production. Modern machinery has thrown the workers out of jobs and increased the loot of the big capitalists. But it *has* organized industry so that it will be possible for the working class to seize it and control it and run it in the interests of their own class.

Sometimes I think we are in the last stage of mighty concentration or socialization. Sometimes I believe that to fight the German system is as foolish as were the riots of the old hand-weavers who hoped to keep their jobs by destroying the new machines.

The only way to beat Germany is to become more German than the Germans themselves. The only way to avoid being Germanized is to adopt the German methods—*social* methods, and improve upon them.

Concentration and organization and socialization are coming. But it must be for the working class to say for whose benefit. So far every step in progress has been to the *profit* of the *capitalist* class at the expense of the working class.

It would have been a difficult, if not an impossible feat to organize the workers of the world for the control of industry a few years ago, because industry was so disorganized, so scattered; because classes were not clearly defined. Centralization has emphasized class lines. It has made the interests of the vast majority of the men and women in the civilized world today iden-

tical, because these workers are robbed of their products by so small a group of capitalists. The more national and international, in other words, the broader the scope on which industry is organized, the easier will it be for those who make things to take over these industries.

I have always admired the successful modern financial Bandits. They have so cleverly forced more brilliant men to do their dirty work for them. They have been filled with so colossal a greed that they found no rest, will find no rest, *can* find no rest, until the industries of the whole world are systematized, organized, for their own aggrandizement.

It is their ruthlessness, selfishness, utter lack of sentiment and mercy that has enabled them to accomplish some of these things. It is these same characteristics that will bring countless allies to the ranks of the workers every day, expropriated, stripped, robbed men and women who are thrown into the ranks of propertyless labor.

The giant robbers have organized the loot—or industries—into a few great centers. It ought to be easy for us to take back what has been stolen from us—what we have made with our hands and brains, provided we do not permit the *fighting instinct* to die out of us altogether. We want to encourage, use, limber up this instinct. We want to take it out into the fresh air and give it a little exercise occasionally. We want to strengthen it and train it and organize it.

That Fighting Instinct is a precious heritage handed down to us from our savage ancestors. Don't let it die out. Cherish it; nourish it so that when you are called upon to use it, it will be there healthy and strong. And so we will need to keep up our Fighting Spirit by practice. Practice will teach us the weak spots in the armour of the enemy and it will keep us in "condition" to take over and operate the industries when the opportunity comes.



Some Belated Information

By CHARLES PERGLER

CONCERNING the Bohemian Social Democracy the outside world has always been meagerly informed. Whatever information exists, always came through German-Austrian sources, and therefore almost inevitably it was biased and occasionally even intentionally unfair. This unfairness and misinformation is best seen in the claim, sometimes made, that Bohemian Socialists are chauvinists. It is time that the other side of the story be heard.

Since 1907, and prior to the war, universal suffrage was in force in Austria; thereby the Social Democracy became an important factor in the empire and its delegation in parliament one of the strongest. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina came in 1908; from that moment imperialism in its worst forms became rampant in the dual empire. War with Serbia, backed by Russia, seemed inevitable even then, and was prevented only by Germany's open espousal of the Austrian government's cause and by Russian unpreparedness to meet these two enemies. This German assistance had this time, as almost always in the past, grave effects upon the situation of the non-German nationalities living in Austria, for the military clique governs its attitude toward the various Austrian nationalities in accordance with its militaristic aspirations and hopes. There are eight nationalities living in Austria, and neither is in the majority. Germany's help at this moment caused a recrudescence of chauvinism among Austrian Germans, especially, of course, the bourgeoisie, and with this came the usual persecution of Slav nationalities, manifesting itself more particularly in the closing of minority schools and the violation of the most elementary national rights. The German bourgeoisie was then in the grip of a powerful chauvinistic movement; and to our regret it must be said that the German Social Democrats of Austria swam with the current, instead of setting their faces against the violation of the rights of any nationality.

The fact is that the German Social Democratic movement of Austria is extremely

opportunistic. There have been occasions when it was hard to distinguish between an Austro-German Social Democratic deputy and an ordinary Bourgeois reformer. In this respect the German Socialists of Austria were Janus-faced. They knew that their extreme and absolutely inexcusable opportunism would be frowned upon by the International; so, when facing the International and talking for international consumption, they always endeavored to maintain an orthodox Socialist attitude; at home the story was different.

While they were in the same parliamentary club, the German and Bohemian Socialist deputies seldom agreed on questions of tactics. The Bohemians always demanded an intrasigeant opposition to the government; they demanded strict adherence to the traditional policy of no political barter and trade. But they were in the minority and their opposition was frequently overridden. But they would not be forced to go to the Imperial Castle in dress suits to listen to the speech from the throne, a purely court function; such lackeyism was too much even for their sense of discipline, and so German Socialist deputies marched before Franz Josef without their Bohemian colleagues. When Comrade Pernerstorfer was elected one of the vice-presidents of the chamber of deputies, he participated in an audience with the emperor over the protest of the Bohemians.

Austrian constitutionalism even in peace times is still a sham and a fraud. Thus it happens that the party dominating Vienna, the empire's capital, has more than its proportionate share of influence. Until recently the dominating party were the clericals, led by Lueger and his mediocre successors. But the clerical party was known to be a giant with feet of clay. The claimants for succession were the German nationalists and the German Social Democrats. The temptation proved too strong for the Socialists and they compromised with the jingoes and chauvinists in order to win Vienna. They began to abandon the traditional Socialist demand of equal

rights for all nationalities. Some of the theoreticians of the movement, like Bauer and Renner, were forced to swallow their own former statements on the question of national rights. They changed front and commenced to evolve what they termed theories of assimilation, which is merely a euphemism for Germanization. This helped them to win Vienna in the parliamentary elections, but the price of victory was not only the compromising of real Socialist principles, but also the unity of the parliamentary delegation, for, in order to be rid of Bohemian criticism of their opportunism, the German Socialists refused to maintain the former Social Democratic parliamentary club of all Socialist deputies regardless of nationality, so that before the war in the Austrian parliament there was a German Socialist Club, a Bohemian Socialist Club and a Polish Socialist Club.

The extremes to which some of the German Social Democrats have gone in their chauvinism is well illustrated by the fact that some time ago several Social Democratic aldermen of Amstetten, in Lower Austria, expressed themselves in favor of the infamous Kolisko bill, which was designed to prohibit the teaching in any other language than German in the Duchy of Lower Austria, wherein Vienna is located. Vienna alone has about 400,000 Bohemians, who maintain a Bohemian school, the suppression of which is the aim of the bill.

The German Social Democrats of Austria have also made an indefensible attempt to disrupt the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy by organizing an independent movement of the centralists, so-called, who constituted themselves into an alleged independent Bohemian Social Democratic party. But there is a pitiful handful of these centralists whose "leaders" are little more than mercenaries in the pay of the Austro-German Social Democracy. In the last general parliamentary election the total vote of the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy was almost 400,000, while the centralists polled little more than 10,000 votes. This was in 1911; but even since then they have lost ground. They have, however, stopped at nothing in their attempts to down the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy. In Prossnitz (Moravia) they, and a handful of German Social Democrats, even entered into an election compromise with Bohemian capitalists against the Czecho-Slav Socialists.

It is utterly absurd to expect the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy to capitulate and to conform to impossible Viennese demands. Although the Germans in Austria are numerically the stronger nation, the German Social Democracy polled 540,000 votes as against 400,000 votes of the autonomous Bohemians in the last general election—considering the numerical strength of the two nationalities not much of a difference. In number of politically organized members, the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy is actually stronger than the Germans, having 140,000 members as against 130,000 politically organized German Social Democrats. An army of such strength cannot be induced to surrender, especially if it is conscious of the correctness of the principles it represents.

Said Ledebour in the German reichstag: "Internationalism does not lie in a denial of nationality or in considering national differences as something without significance, but such internationalism lies in the conviction that to every nation, small or large, must be guaranteed the right of self-government."

Said George D. Herron only recently: "The Socialist is charged with hostility to patriotism. And of that which today takes unto itself the name of patriotism, the Socialist is indeed the enemy of enemies. Upon the patriotism fostered by international bankers and the manufacturers of armor plate; upon the patriotism perpetuated by the brutish and brainless ambitions of a parasitic military—that pampered and bedizened pauper of the body politic; upon the patriotism preached by a prostitute press and an unclean clergy; upon the patriotism now stirring mankind to a possible frenzy of extermination; upon the portentous hypocrisy that passes for patriotism today, the Socialist indeed looks with a loathing and horror that cannot be put in words."

"And yet, among all the parties and movements of the hour, it is Socialism alone that respects the individuality and integrity of the nation; that reverences the principle of nationality, and proposes to unite each divided people in a life of its own. Socialism comes as the savior of the nation which the capitalist political state destroys. Socialism will release all nationalities, each unto the expression of itself, and lead all into a brotherhood of the world."

"Socialism will give China to the Chinese, India to the Hindoo peoples, Egypt to the Egyptians, Persia to the Persians. Socialism will bid Poland arise, Bohemia go free, and Ireland to bloom again her golden age. Socialism will send such political vampires as the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs, as the Turkish and the British empires, to their overdue doom. Every type of national being will be precious; will be invited to unfold itself in the fullness of its meaning and beauty. Socialism will not suffer that one people, anywhere in the world, rule over another people; nor suffer that any mere political state devour the soul and the substance of any nation's being."

The Czecho-Slav Social Democracy always has been and is now faithful to the sentiments thus expressed. The Austro-German Social Democracy is in this regard one of the recreant members of our international family, having gone over boots and baggage to the chauvinistic elements.

In the present war the Bohemian Social

Democracy is opposed to the war; it is uncompromisingly opposed to the imperialistic aims of the Austro-German-Hungarian combination. That much cannot be said of the German Socialists of Austria, who are completely under the influence of such men as Lentzsch and Cunow, with their disbelief in the rights of small nationalities and even with their belief that small nationalities have no right to exist (Cunow).

Bohemian Socialists believe that Austria has lost its right to exist. Those living in Europe are silenced by military despotism. But they have found their spokesmen in the executive committee of the Bohemian branch of the Socialist Party of America that only recently published a manifesto demanding an independent Czecho-Slovak state. Who shall deny that the Bohemians have less right to independence than the Finns or the Poles?

The terms Czech and Bohemian are used in this article synonymously.

Sounds Good to Us— "From a belated contributor receive a 'bone' to renew subscription that ran out last year. For many weary months have I been hunting the elusive job, and for the first time in many moons have I been enabled to keep a dollar after buying my oats, stableroom and harness. I want knowledge, and of the right kind, so that when I pass it on to the other mules, they too will begin to kick over the traces. Up to the present I have got that knowledge in your Review and I hope to get it in the future. In my wanderings I have managed to buy, beg, or borrow each issue of the Review since my subscription ran out excepting last July; so please, if possible, forward a copy of last July's issue and then start off with January. I am, as ever, a fighter for industrial democracy.—G. Kinniburgh."

From a Canadian Revolutionist— "Double my bundle for January. I intend to take a bundle of ten throughout the year, and more if possible.

"Will try and get a bunch around here to chip in and take a share of stock in the real publishing house, which is the best method available of helping the cause.

"From being a scientific Socialist, a member of the _____ of Canada, the REVIEW has developed me into a real class conscious rebel, and enthusiastic revolutionist. Keep on keeping on, comrades, yours is the biggest force making for a class conscious revolution."—H. G. B. H.





EDITORIAL

The Goose and the Golden Egg

THE working class is the goose that lays the golden egg of profits for the factory owner and the mill owner today. Do you think the mine owners would ever be able to declare any dividends for themselves if it were not for the work of the miners who get out the copper, the coal and the silver? Do you imagine the profits of the railroad magnates come from the shippers or from the railroad men?

Profits are not made out of the people who *buy* the coal from the mine owners; nor are they made out of the "consumers" who buy meat from the packing house corporations.

As a rule, commodities sell at their values. Meat generally sells at its actual value, that is for the amount of necessary human labor which it represents, be it two hours of social labor, or one hour or three hours of necessary human labor. The packing companies rarely charge the consumers more than the value of the beef or pork or eggs and butter which they sell.

The railroad magnates do not make their profit out of the *shippers*, because nine times out of ten the freight rates they charge or the passenger rates they demand represent actual hours of service on the part of the railroad workers. They charge the shippers the value of the service rendered by the railroad men who make the haul.

It is not the "consumer," the buying public, that lays the golden egg of profits for the big capitalists, but the working class.

You are the goose and your labor power is the golden egg from which dividends are made. It is a fairly good illustration to say that the "consumer," the buying public, merely cashes that check of profits for your employer. The consumer gets what he pays

for—he gets your product at its value and in this way your boss cashes the profits made from your products.

For example, say the railroad men put in twelve hours of work or service a day; the railroad magnates charge the shippers for this twelve hours of service, but the railroad magnates don't pay the railroad men the value of twelve hours of labor. Workingmen rarely receive the value of half their product or half their service. The railroad owners make their dividends out of the hours of labor for which you are not paid. You may receive forty cents an hour when the value of your product or your service, is two dollars an hour.

The shippers and travellers usually receive the full value of the service they buy. The "consumer" nearly always receives the value of the meat he pays for. It is the working class that is exploited. The railroad man receives the value of three or four hours of labor; the packing house employees receive one-fourth or one-fifth the value of their products.

Garment workers get \$4.00 or \$10.00 and \$20.00 a week for making things which have a value of from \$20.00 to \$100.00. Miners get \$2.50 a day for getting out coal valued at \$10.00 a day.

And all the value—the difference between the value of your product or your service, and your wages goes to the capitalist class in one form or another.

All the lawyers, the judges, the soldiers, the police and bankers, the highly paid advertising men, the advertising itself, the mayors and governors, aldermen and congressmen, senators and presidents—all these are paid from the unpaid labor of the working class.

These high salaried men are not paid out of your pockets, because the money never goes into your pockets. But out of the money your employer makes from your unpaid labor.

Not from your pockets, but from the wealth made by you, and not paid for, will the war debts be paid.

You are the goose that lays the golden egg of profits, you are the men and women who make all the wheels go around. The proudest railroad president is drawing his huge salary from your unpaid labor.

Will you never wake up and cease to lay this golden egg for those who toil not? You have only to fold your arms and the whole world must stand still; you have only to organize with all working men and women over the whole world to be able to shake off these parasites who are riding on your back and to seize the industries and run them for your own benefit—the benefit of the working class.

"You have nothing to lose but your chains."

M. E. M.

FROM MARGARET SANGER

To My Friends and Comrades:

I returned to this country on October 6th—four days before William Sanger was released from jail. On the sixth of November, my little daughter died from pneumonia.

A few days after my arrival, I informed the United States Attorney of my presence, asking him if the indictments issued against me a year ago were still pending, inasmuch as the issue on which I am indicted—birth control—has been so thoroughly discussed during the past year in the various journals and magazines throughout the United States, and also inasmuch as no editors or publishers have been indicted. He replied that the indictments were still pending. The case was called for trial at the end of December and postponed until January 4th. It is now set for Tuesday, January 30, and will positively be tried on that date.

The opportunity was offered me to plead guilty, thereby ensuring my release after payment of a small fine. I refused to do this, because the whole issue is not one of a mistake, whereby getting into jail or keeping out of jail is of importance, but the issue involved is to raise the entire question of birth control out of the gutter of obscenity and into the light of human understanding.

The present indictments are based on twelve articles published in "The Woman Rebel," eleven of which discuss birth control. The twelfth is a philosophic defence of assassination. My case differs from William Sanger's in this respect—that these indictments do not (in my opinion) violate the law. No question of distributing information in regard to the prevention of conception is at present involved.

I shall go into court on January 30th without an attorney, because I cannot find any lawyer whose mental attitude toward this case is right.

I appeal to you to give me your moral and financial support at this time. Write letters to Judge Clayton, of the United States District Court, Post Office Building, New York City, before whom the case is to be tried. Write letters to newspapers. Hold protest meetings and send resolutions to your Congressmen and to the President of the United States. Raise funds for publicity. Address all communications to me at 26 Post Avenue, New York City.

MARGARET H. SANGER.

New York City, January 5, 1916.



BOOK REVIEWS



SOCIALISM AND WAR

NOW that socialism has failed in Europe, and there can be little doubt but that American socialism would have failed under similar conditions, it is very essential to study the problem of war in a more fundamental way, than is possible in the daily press and at public meetings.

It, therefore, is an important event, that a book has been published, dealing with the theory and practice of this subject. The name and reputation of Comrade Boudin guarantee, that "Socialism and War" deals with the problem in a thorough manner on good Marxian principles, his book on "The Theoretical System of Marx," originally published in this Review, ranging among the best in international literature. As it seems that this latter study has been more appreciated in Europe (German translation), than it has on this side of the ocean, I feel inclined to advise the comrades to read or reread this book, which will greatly add to the better understanding of "Socialism and War." Especially the chapter on "concentration of capital" and the remarks on the ideologies of the middle-classes, will prove of advantage to understand what is said now, about the ideologic causes of the war." The dealing with some of the fundamental features of modern imperialism in a publication some ten years ago, and especially what is said on the subject of waste, as a means to secure another respite for our bankrupt economic system, is very remarkable and has lost none of its value since that time.

The present book from the same author has certain shortcomings on account of its being prepared for oral delivery, and the first chapter, that is, "clearing the ground," rather than preparing the minds, might discourage the reader to his disadvantage.

The second chapter, however, gives a solid basis to the problem, and treats imperialism much more broadly than as a colonial problem, in its real meaning of a new phase in capitalism.

The fundamental change in society is symbolized by the supremacy of iron production over that of textiles, accompanied by the abolishment of free trade in favor of monopolies and of the bourgeois democracy and republicanism in favor of autocracy. The economic results of the "surplus production," more especially of iron and steel, and the necessity to get rid of these products in foreign markets of lower economic development, are so prevailing in our social life, that it requires a new orientation all over the line of our practical class struggle methods.

The third chapter on "ideologic causes" is a complement to the second and treats the same problem by the same Marxian methods from

the ideological side. There are given some very excellent historical comments. In view of much embarrassing phraseology on nationalism, dealing with "nature" and "instincts," it is refreshing to read what comrade Boudin has to tell about the historical development and the relative youth of the "nations" and national feeling. We remember, how in the Feudal Middle Age the economic groups were only small and at the same time the cultural unit embraced the greater part of Europe, controlled by the Christian church. It is inspiring to study the period of embryonic capitalism, in which at the same time that larger economic units were required, the cultural unit was broken by the Reformation, demanding freedom from Rome and independent national churches.

The outcome of this process was the development of national "states" and in this period of consolidation, capitalism had its first warlike period, to the effect of building up strong economic units with natural boundaries, sufficient raw materials, and outlets to the sea. The political form of this period is a strong absolutistic monarchy, which by no means is a feudal rest, but a new capitalist institution, required in this state of development.

After the consolidation of the nations as capitalist units, there is a relative peaceful period of internal growth, with textiles as the leading industries, and it is interesting to see how this period of free trade and liberalism, reflects in the political ideals of bourgeois democracy and republicanism and on the cultural side even, tends to dissolve the nation into a humanitarian ideal. We here have an example of how the ideas are not always slow followers of economic conditions, but may rush far in advance, to dissipate, when the economic conditions prove to have changed in another direction. Long before any real democracy was realized in practical politics, the imperialistic period was roughly settled with all ideals of bourgeois democracy.

The necessity to sell iron and steel to nations of lower economic development, changed free trade into monopolies, and at the same time this "physical necessity of selling iron and steel, was raised into a moral one." Nations and races are not longer considered on an equal footing; there are assumed to be superior nations and cultures and subject races. The utilitarian maxim of "the greatest good to the greatest number," falls before the philosophy of Nietzsche's the "grand race of supermen." The culture of the one race or nation must triumph, and its iron be sold all over the world. This struggle for world power does away with all ideals of democracy and republics, it demands a strong government and

strong militarism, not only in Germany, but all over the world, including the United States.

In the third chapter, dealing with the immediate causes of the war, statistical figures are given to show the increase in the production of iron and steel, especially in Germany. This means surplus production, and Germany plans of Bagdad railroad, which interferes with the interests of England as a world power, and demands the supremacy of Germany on the Balkans.

From that time dates the beginning of the entente between England, France and Russia and war becomes inevitable, unless one or another of the capitalist combinations should refrain from world power or labor should interfere. A series of diplomatic defeats for Germany, the victory of Serbia over Bulgaria in the second Balkan war, the prospective strengthening of Russian militarism by its reorganization, the growing force of France and England, the fear that Italy should withdraw and Turkey should be weakened to exhaustion, and at the same time the feeling of Germany at the height of its military power, leads to the fatal decision.

What is said about the position of Russia as being "purely nationalistic" is less convincing. For although Russia certainly has not yet consolidated as a national unity, it seems difficult to deny that its foreign policy has strong imperialistic features. The struggle for seaports is as well important from an imperialistic as from a nationalistic point of view and the policy against Persia and in Mongolia can hardly be explained as a purely national consolidation. In fact, as soon as capitalism has entered its imperialistic phase, no big nation can stay aside, although, of course, every country has imperialistic problems of its own brand, according to the state of economic development, as well as to the geographical and historical position of each nation.

But this remark does not affect the value of this chapter as a whole, in which excellent illustrations are given of the results of modern imperialism as a general world policy. And those who take the trouble of reading care-phrases of the warring parties, "culture" and "liberty," both cover most direct material interests.

The last chapters, "War and the Socialists" and "Socialist Versus Bourgeois Theories," form together an attempt to give a new theory and practice for socialists as to this most vital problem of war and militarism.

Rejecting the purely humanitarian as well as the militarist standpoint, the author states that wars have been engines of human progress in the past. Socialists not only accept the necessity of revolutionary wars under certain circumstances, but even a bourgeois war against Russia has been approved by Marx and other socialists some fifty years ago. Comrade Boudin, however, proves in a very efficient way that circumstances have changed since that. What may have been true in the first period of capitalist development, when capitalism was progressive and had to be helped in its fight against feudalism, is no longer true today. To give his own words: "The

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time when the bourgeois could go to war for liberty and progress is past, never to return." Therefore, socialism has to be opposed to every war of aggression, even after such a war has broken out."

But what about a defensive war?

After stating that the socialist action in the present war in all countries has been on ordinary bourgeois nationalistic considerations, Comrade Boudin tries to construct the principles that ought to guide socialists in this matter. He points out that nationalism, as a bourgeois principle of human progress, is absolutely opposed to our principle of human progress by means of the class struggles. His comparison of both principles is very illuminating—the one leading to reaction and permanent war, the other to evolution and peace through the abolition of classes.

Indeed, the class struggle, as a philosophy of the history of socialism, based on private property, has to solve the problem of peace and war. Socialists, therefore, never can favor national wars. For them the class takes the place of the nation as a factor of human progress. Says Boudin: "National wars are always opposed to the class struggle from below," and "Nowadays no war could be planned that would serve to advance the cause of free institutions." "Every war means considerable strengthening of reaction, accentuates national divisions, etc." "The class struggle demands international peace, active, unrelenting opposition to war, irrespective of so-called national interests."

So far, so good; but after having done away with "national interests" we are taught that there are "complicating circumstances" which may lead us to participate in a nationalistic bourgeois war, though not guided by our own nationalistic interests. Not every defensive war is considered right. We are not to defend our government as such, nor even our territory or the world power of our bourgeoisie. But socialists are opposed to subjection of any kind; also of one nation over another. They believe in national freedom and "they are ready to go to war for it" when necessary, not only in order to save their own country, but they must be willing to save other nations that are threatened as well. This certainly means a big job, if we include in our protection also the less capitalistically developed countries. The principal reason given for this readiness to go to war is that subjection leads to strengthening of nationalism among the subjected nations and so indirectly to the weakening of the class struggle. After having rejected nationalism as a reason for labor to go to war, it is advocated to join war in order to protect our fellow workers against their own future nationalism. "We have to bear in mind, however, that every war between modern nations nowadays is bound to become imperialistic—to become a struggle for world power—no matter what the accompanying results to nationalism. To prevent our fellow workers from becoming reactionary when subjected we are urged to voluntarily participate in imperialistic wars of our masters.

This certainly is a fatal situation and Comrade Boudin, who perfectly sees the imminent

danger resulting from imperialistic war to socialism, has to take recourse to Utopian expectations that are in a strange contrast to the rest of his arguments. Labor is expected to support one or another capitalist war, "only as long as necessary for the purpose." Labor has to ask guarantees from their government "that war will not be turned into one of aggression;" labor has to keep up "educational propaganda" and a "special propaganda against a war of aggression;" it has to do its "regular socialist work" during the war, "keep on the class struggle," "prevent atrocities and passions," "terminate the war at the right moment," "secure a real peace," etc.

And when we have succeeded in all these superhuman efforts this will have been accomplished in order to prevent some of the wage slaves from getting another master, while we fear that these workers will have so little class consciousness that, being nationally subjected, they will stop fighting capitalism in order to give all their energy to some national action, together with their most direct exploiters. If nationalism is so much stronger than the class struggle, the experiment in joining a bourgeois imperialistic war will prove all the more dangerous.

It seems difficult to understand how a comrade with such a profound knowledge of historical conditions and who, no doubt, is one of the ablest interpreters of Marxian methods, should fail to draw the practical conclusion as to the present situation. Part of the trouble seems to be that Marx approved war, be it under fully different conditions. We are no pacifists, and as long as capitalism was fighting feudal influences labor could join in this fight; indeed, labor has done most of the fighting in bourgeois revolutions. This, however, was participating in a class struggle of a foregoing economic period, helping the capitalist class to become an enemy worthy of our defeat.

Now that capitalism is full grown and overgrown, we have to fight a class struggle of our own, and nothing but this class struggle has to solve the problem of war and peace. To join a capitalist war under present conditions

means to join our enemy, and it is utterly absurd to keep up the class struggle and at the same time to give it up.

But we are opposed to national or other subjection, Comrade Boudin objects. Indeed, we are opposed to a great many subjections, including class subjection, but we have our own methods in fighting them and should not rely upon joining our enemies. If there is national subjection, the socialists of the subjecting nation will have to join their oppressed comrades in fighting the government and this will be the only way of liberating them. If the subjected workers are not class conscious enough to join the general cause, we will have to double our propaganda and our action. But even under the worst circumstances a revolutionary movement against the oppressive government would have the support of the subjected workers.

All over the world we move from democracy towards reaction, oppression and militarism. This means that the "one reactionary mass" is going to be every day more according to practice when vital problems like imperialism are involved and we will have to arrange accordingly.

As I see it, the conclusion from the study of Comrade Boudin, which every socialist ought to read carefully, should logically be opposition to the bitter end to every bourgeois war in this period of capitalist development, be it aggressive or defensive; be it among full grown capitalist nations or against nations of a lower economic condition; no matter whether war is only threatening or has already broken out. And this opposition on class struggle principles will have to be organized in the only way labor can act—by using its economic power in public demonstrations and, if necessary, in strikes and revolt.—By S. J. Rutgers.

"Socialism and War" has just been published in New York at \$1.00 net. We have arranged for a part of the first edition, and while our present supply lasts we will mail the book to any REVIEW reader for \$1.00 or to any stockholder in our publishing house for 80 cents. Address Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

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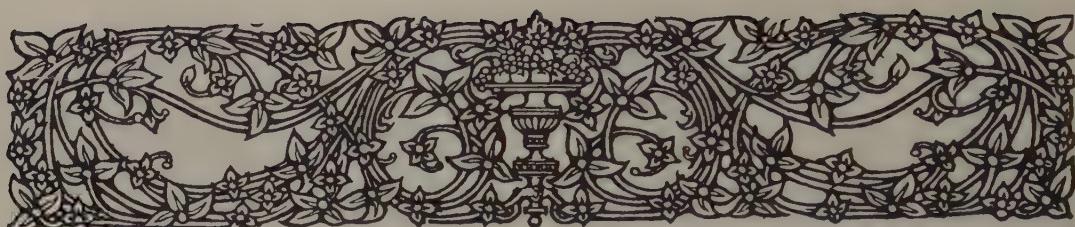
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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Glasgow Forward Suppressed by Militarists. The Glasgow *Forward* is one of the cleanest, clearest Socialist papers in the world. From the beginning of the war the Review has depended upon it for reliable information on the attitude of English Socialists. It has published articles of a particularly solid and convincing sort. Its editors have a way of getting hold of real material and publishing it in an interesting and convincing way. They have published definite proof of the interest of English capitalists in German munition plants. They have opposed pitilessly the immense profits made from the war by wealthy patriots.

Now, at the very beginning of the new year, comes the news that this paper has been suppressed by the English government. On Christmas day there was a meeting of labor unionists in Glasgow. The men were addressed by Lloyd George, minister of munitions. In defiance of the official censor *Forward* published a report of the meeting from which it appeared that the sentiment of the meeting was against the minister of munitions. The police seized the entire issue.

On January 4 the Labor members of the House of Commons asked questions about this example of militarism. Lloyd George answered that the paper had been suppressed because it discouraged recruiting and that it should have been suppressed earlier.

War "Socialists" Not Popular in Sweden. In Sweden there is a section of public opinion in favor of entering the war on the side of the Germans. Russia is the traditional enemy of Sweden. Some

persons see in a possible victory of the allies a danger to Sweden. Three Socialists, Gustav Steffen, Yngve Larsson and Otto Jaerte, wrote a book in favor of an anti-German policy. When they were called on by the Social Democratic Party to explain their activities they refused to give any explanation and were promptly expelled.

British Labor Against Conscription. On January 5 a limited conscription bill was introduced into the House of Commons by the government. This step was due to what was regarded as the failure of Lord Derby's enlistment campaign. There are supposed to be 5,011,441 men of military age in England, Scotland and Wales. Of these 2,892,263 enlisted, or attempted to enlist, between October 23 and December 15. About 500,000 were rejected for one reason or another. Of those who offered themselves 1,150,000 were unmarried, and 1,679,263 were married. Complete statistics show that a large percentage of married than of unmarried came forward. There are said to be about 500,000 unmarried men and widowers who remained modestly in the background.

The bill devised by the ministry is designed to overcome the modesty or lack of military enthusiasm in this half million men without families dependent upon them. It provides that those between the ages of 18 and 41 shall be compelled to serve. For obvious reasons the bill was so drawn as not to apply to Ireland.

At the time when this measure was introduced, a congress representing British labor unionism was in session in London.

This congress voted 2,121,000 to 541,000 against any form of conscription. By a vote of almost two to one a resolution was adopted recommending to the Labor members of Parliament that they vote against the conscription bill. Arthur Henderson, Labor member of the cabinet, served notice that he would resign his seat and appeal to his electors.

Edouard Vaillant. At Copenhagen the anti-military discussion centered about the Hardie-Vaillant resolution in favor of the general strike as an anti-war measure. Hardie passed away on September 26, and less than three months afterward Vaillant followed him. Hardie was the supreme example of a man of the people risen to intelligence and power; Vaillant was the supreme example of the professional intellectual, understanding the needs of the people and working with them. Tragically enough they both saw their famous resolution brought nought and died to the sound of booming cannon.

Vaillant was 76 years old. A brilliant student, he studied medicine in univer-

sities of France and Germany. Very early, while at Heidelberg, he joined the old International. He served during the Franco-Prussian war. After going through the siege of Paris he took a leading part in the short life of the Commune. As a result of this he was obliged to leave England. Later he returned and entered politics as a Socialist. He served several terms in parliament and otherwise took a distinguished part in the movement.

He was a scientist through and through. His mind was of the active dynamic sort. He was always clear in his theory and energetic in his work. So he was, considered as a personality, one of the most influential in all the international movement.

His death was not as tragic as that of Hardie. He had lived the full span of life and had accomplished great things. But his passing breaks one more link that binds us to the early days of the movement and removes one more of those on whom we could depend for council and inspiration.

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H. E. EVERETT.

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FRIEDENS, PA.—When I started to use Bodi-Tone three years ago I was all worn out and not able to walk more than a mile before I was so weak and out of breath. I got but little solid sleep for years before and felt as tired in the morning as if I had done a hard day's work. I tried patent medicines until I was disgusted and doctors' medicines without lasting benefit. I had Catarrh and Throat Trouble, and my Heart, Liver and Kidneys were all more or less out of order. When I would lie down to sleep my Nerves were all on the go with such an uneasy feeling. Bodi-Tone made me a well woman at seventy-three and I am still well at seventy-six and have used nothing but Bodi-Tone. I can sleep like a healthy child, walk, eat, and do light work. I gained in weight and strength. I am well, cheerful, happy and contented, and have felt many years younger since I used Bodi-Tone.

MRS. ROSA SPANGLER.

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REA, MO.—When I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement I was in an awful condition. I had Heart trouble so badly that I could not lie on my left side. My Breath was terribly short and I would get Dizzy Spells. The doctors told me I had an Enlarged Liver. I kept getting worse all the time, although I was doctoring with good doctors right along. My weight was down to 135 pounds. Before I had used three boxes of Bodi-Tone I was entirely cured of all symptoms. I hadn't a pain left in my body. This was two and a half years ago and I am still in the best of health. I can do a hard day's work, and weigh 175 pounds. My wife had Rheumatism so badly that at times she could not walk and had to take to her bed. She always felt tired and worn out and her appetite was bad. Bodi-Tone has been a blessing to her, too. She has no Rheumatism or aches or pains.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

State Office Socialist Party of Oregon

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:

On December 5th Comrade H. Scott Bennett of New Zealand spoke here in Portland. His address dealt with the general labor question in Australia and New Zealand, and tended to show up the fallacy many entertain regarding socialism and state capitalism. Here in Oregon we have quite a number of Socialists who seem to think that government ownership is about the next thing we want. It is true some entertain this opinion because they think government ownership inevitable. But, of course, granting it is inevitable, that does not make it a part of the Socialist program—or rather a part of what many of us think the Socialist program should be.

Comrade Bennett showed the tendencies toward the "servile state" in many instances, and emphasized the necessity of the comrades of this continent profiting by the lessons that they had learned, etc. In view of the fact that so many comrades here—as I presume all over the country—have read so much about the "Labor Government" of his country and had formed such erroneous conclusions, I consider that his lecture was the most beneficial we have had here for a long time. In fact, we have never had a more forceful and logical speaker than Comrade Bennett. I hope that he will be kept busy in this country as long as possible.

Yours most fraternally,

E. L. CANNON,
State Secretary.

Portland, Oregon, Dec. 30, 1915.

Found Guilty—Just as the February REVIEW goes to press we receive telegrams and letters from Socialist comrades in New Brunswick, Canada, to the effect that Comrade Wilfrid Gribble is going to be railroaded to the penitentiary unless quick action is taken. The letter which follows gives details and we sincerely trust that REVIEW readers will send their mite at once to help provide an adequate defense fund.

Comrade Gribble toured the Pacific coast in 1913 and many western comrades will remember hearing him. At the time of his arrest Comrade Gribble had made arrangements to lecture in Montreal and Buffalo, N. Y., where he had planned to put in a month's work.

Send your contribution at once in order to help lighten the load of our St. John comrades, who are standing by him to a man.

International Socialist Review, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades—You have perhaps heard ere this that our comrade, Wilfrid Gribble, of St. John, is in jail in that city awaiting sentence on two counts for alleged seditious utterances. It seems that on the evening of Dec. 5th Gribble, as usual, addressed a meeting in Socialist Hall. One Carney, a comrade from England, was in the chair.

In introducing Gribble, the chairman announced that he (Carney) had done a three-months' sentence in England for speaking against recruiting. Gribble, in commenting on

this said, "If the chairman has done time in England for speaking against recruiting he got what he deserved. We want no martyrs in this movement." He then announced his subject for the evening, "Production, Past and Present," and went on with his address.

In the course of his remarks he said, "The greatest kings of today are the great property holders. Crowned or titled kings are merely the puppets of the capitalist class. The most powerful kings at present are in the United States." After Gribble had completed his remarks Carney again spoke and said that in his opinion the recruiting motto, "Your king and country need you," should be changed to "Your king and country bleed you."

This, according to seven witnesses—four of them comrades, the other three non-Socialists—is the gist of what happened at the meeting.

One Geo. Worden attended and, as he at the trial admitted, got excited and at once wrote a letter to the mayor. He was then persuaded to lay an information against Gribble, signing same without reading it.

Worden was the one witness against Gribble. The defense called seven on Jan. 12th and 13th when the case was tried. The whole seven swore positively that the words attributed to the prisoner were not used by him, but were used by the chairman. The prosecutor's address to the jury was very fair. It is, however, by many of those present, claimed

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that the judge's charge was greatly biased against the defendant. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty on both counts. Twenty witnesses would not have changed the result. One juror was heard to remark during a recess, "If Gribble don't like this country, why don't he get to hell out of it?" This expresses the attitude of the jury. They were there to convict. Conviction was a foregone conclusion, not because of seditious utterances but because Gribble is a Socialist.

These are briefly the facts of the case. I personally attended the trial and assure you the foregoing is a mild presentation of the matter.

Gribble is one of the old warhorses of the movement in Canada. There is not a stain on his record as a propagandist. We can't afford to have him waste years of his life in prison.

The St. John comrades are standing by him to a man, but they are not financially strong enough to carry the whole burden. Funds are needed as an appeal from the verdict is being considered. Sentence will be passed Jan. 20th, so no time can be wasted. Contributions should be sent at once to Stanford E. White, 24 Main St., St. John, N. B., Canada.

Yours Fraternally,
Roscoe A. Fillmore.

From England—Comrade G. W. Brown, organizing secretary for the Southwestern District of the National Union of Railroad Men, sends in money order renewing their standing bundle order for the next several months.

Annual Stockholders' Meeting.—The annual stockholders' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Co., was held at 341 E. Ohio street, Chicago, January 15th, 1916, at 3 p. m. Present Charles H. Kerr, holding personally 1236 shares of stock and 39 stamped proxies, Walter Lanfersiek, national secretary, holding one proxy, and the following stockholders owning one share each: Lawrence Christensen, Rudolph Borkenhagen, Ralph Chaplin, Marcus Hitch, D. F. Sager and L. H. Marcy. Total number of shares legally represented, 1282.

Several hundred proxies were received by Charles H. Kerr and other comrades present to be used at the meeting, but these proxies were not legal as they were sent in without the U. S. Revenue 10c stamp.

Charles H. Kerr presided and L. H. Marcy acted as secretary pro tem. President Kerr read the following:

Annual Report.—1915 was a perilous year for all Socialist organizations, the world over, and our publishing house was no exception. Through the greater part of the year, business depression and unemployment destroyed the purchasing power of a majority of the people who would in ordinary times have been purchasers of our literature. Moreover, the almost universal suspension of meetings at which Socialist literature is ordinarily sold was an additional handicap for us. Under the circumstances any profit on the year's business was out of the question. It was simply a matter of holding our organization together, and getting through the year with the smallest possible addition to our debt. The figures in detail are as follows:

December 31, 1915

ASSETS

Cash on hand.....	\$ 230.81
Books, bound and unbound.....	12,414.07
Electrotype plates.....	13,953.80
Copyrights.....	12,165.94
International Socialist Review.....	5,000.00
Office fixtures and furniture.....	485.00
Real Estate.....	450.00
Accounts receivable.....	619.08
Bills receivable.....	1,001.25

Total	\$46,319.95
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LIABILITIES

Paid-up capital stock.....	\$41,160.00
Co-operative publishing bonds.....	620.00
Accounts payable.....	454.63
Loans from stockholders.....	4,085.32

Total	\$46,319.95
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1915

RECEIPTS

Book sales.....	\$16,351.69
Review subscriptions and sales.....	8,342.97
Review advertising.....	1,706.58
Donations.....	620.40
Deficit for year.....	2,300.36

Total	\$29,322.00
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EXPENDITURES

Manufacture of books.....	\$ 5,076.78
Manufacture of Review.....	5,871.81
Wages.....	8,408.07
Postage and expressagé.....	4,259.31
Advertising.....	917.50
Review circulation expense.....	43.80
Review articles and photographs.....	428.09
Authors of books.....	477.26
Books purchased.....	1,376.94
Rent.....	1,110.00
Taxes.....	44.51
Miscellaneous expense.....	772.82
Interest.....	25.59
Decrease in books on hand.....	509.52

Total	\$29,322.00
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In my report of a year ago, I offered to give any sum up to \$1,000 as a contribution toward the deficit for 1914, and the probable deficit of 1915, provided other comrades would make up an equal amount. The contributions actually received under this offer have been as follows:

L. A. Jayne.....	\$ 2.30
C. Dunaway.....	1.00
R. G. Grey.....	2.50
O. J. David.....	1.25
E. C. Peters.....	5.10
Wm. Trognitz.....	1.00
Jacob Bruning.....	5.00
R. F. Pettigrew.....	10.00
N. F. Douglas.....	1.00
W. M. Sidwell.....	1.00
F. Filpus.....	1.00
C. G. Hubert.....	1.00
O. B. Miller, Jr.....	1.75
J. J. Peacock.....	5.00
J. A. Krohmer.....	4.75
E. E. Morrell.....	2.00

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6 MONTHS TO PAY



Here it is—the biggest sensation in the history of high class tailoring! Think of getting a suit tailor made strictly according to your own individual measurements and having six whole months to pay for it! Yes, no matter who you are, where you live, or what you do, we will make you the finest, the richest, the snapliest suit you ever saw and give you an entire half year to pay for it! Don't miss this amazing opportunity.

Save Half

You actually and positively get the suit at about half of what it would ordinarily cost you! Our tremendous woolen buying gives us the pick of the world's greatest mills at lowest prices known. Therefore we can cut the price in half and still give you six months to pay. Don't buy cheap "ready mades" and pay double our price. Don't pay other tailors two or three times as much as we charge.

Only \$2.50 Per Month

You wear the suit while paying for it. Payments so marvelously easy you won't miss the money. We trust you absolutely. Your word is all the security we ask. No reference, no red tape, no delay, no collectors. No strings attached to this credit whatever. It's yours to use as freely as you wish. Don't class us with ordinary tailoring houses. We are "different!" You'll be delighted.

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The most sumptuous style book ever published—our 1916 Spring and Summer Style Book! See the actual cloth samples of most beautiful weaves and patterns—the newest and latest. Also illustrations of choicest designs from world's greatest style centers. You'll marvel at this wonderful book.

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or postal or letter if you wish—but do it NOW! Get the magnificent free style book and full particulars of our startling offer. Don't delay. Write today.

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I STOPPED MY CATARRH SUFFERING OVER NIGHT

I Gladly Tell How — FREE HEALS DAY AND NIGHT

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder, no plaster, no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and entirely different —something delightful and healthful — something instantly, successful. You do not have to wait and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night — and I will gladly tell you how — **FREE**. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription — but I am cured and my friends are cured and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I AM FREE — YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it **FREE**. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz, Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, **FREE**, at once. Do not delay. Send the postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that it can do for you what it has done for me.

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Chicago, Ill.



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J. C. Dorn, 705 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 116, Chicago, Ill.

L. T. Rush.....	1.00
H. Landfried	1.00
Mrs. F. Keil.....	.50
Chas. Roth	1.00
M. Hazeltine	2.50
W. T. P.....	1.00
Wm. N. C. Waddleton.....	1.00
J. J. Ingalsbe.....	1.00
R. A. Huebner.....	5.00
Willard Walton50
J. T. Gulick.....	2.50
W. E. Durrant.....	1.00
S. G. Greenwood.....	4.50
G. E. Martin.....	3.00
Friend	20.00
K. E. Irving.....	2.00
R. M.	1.40
John Page50
W. Walton50
T. Alderson	1.00
J. Miller	1.50
J. E. Palmer.....	4.00
Harry Norrie	3.20
L. H. H. Greene.....	2.00
J. W. Rimmer.....	2.00
I. M. Iverson.....	1.15
Lewis Just	10.00
Charles H. Kerr.....	500.00

Total \$620.40

A more important help than any of these donations came to us in February, 1915, in the shape of a loan of fifteen hundred dollars without interest from Comrade Estelle Baker, the author of "The Rose Door." The comrade advises us that she does not expect to withdraw more than \$100 at a time. We used \$1,000 of the amount to pay off a loan from another comrade which had come due. The balance helped us as a cash reserve through the year.

The rest of the year's deficit was made up from the sale of stock in ten dollar subscriptions. Our capital increased during the year by the sum of \$1,330; in other words, we added 133 fully-paid stockholders to our list.

In our statement of assets and liabilities, it may be noted that we value our copyrights at \$12,165.54 as compared with \$8,752.74 at the end of 1914. It should be explained that in 1911, when the copyrights belonging to this publishing house were less valuable than those we now control, we valued them at \$16,975.83. We had several good years in which a profit was earned, and instead of opening a surplus account, we reduced the copyright account by the amount of the profits. We are now increasing it again instead of carrying over a deficit into 1916.

Capitalist prosperity, such as it is, has now returned, and if our sales the rest of the year had been as good as those for the last month, there would have been no deficit. But we still have to face the fact that only a minute fraction of the Socialist Party organization is at present active in the circulation of Socialist literature. My hope is that during 1916 some working plan may be devised for putting the Review and the standard Socialist books into the hands of the working people of the United States.

Charles H. Kerr.

Marcus Hitch moved the report be accepted; seconded by D. F. Sager and unanimously carried.

General discussion of good and welfare of the publishing house was then entered into.

Comrade Marcus Hitch made a motion which was seconded by Comrade Chaplin that all the old members of the board of directors except Comrade J. H. Greer, who wished to retire, be re-elected for the coming year. Upon motion being put it was carried unanimously.

Moved and seconded that Comrade Daniel F. Sager be elected to fill the vacancy on the board and upon motion being put it was carried unanimously. The board of directors for the following year are Jacob Bruning, Walter Huggins, Ralph H. Chaplin, Mary E. Marcy, Leslie H. Marcy, Charles H. Kerr and Daniel F. Sager. The stockholders' meeting then adjourned.

The directors' meeting was then called. Comrade Sager moved that the present officers be re-elected for the year 1916 to serve at the same salaries they are now receiving, seconded by Comrade Chaplin. Motion carried unanimously and the directors' meeting then adjourned.

A Washington Rebel—In renewing writes: "Must have the old 'red hot' REVIEW another year in order to prepare myself for the class war in 1916. It is the only preparedness we have any business to talk about."—Seb.

Iowa—Comrade Stephens renews his subscription for the sixth year and adds: "I have been a constant reader of the REVIEW for five years, and consider it the best magazine among Socialist publications. I would not willingly do without it.

From a Michigan Comrade—One of the Old Guard, who has read the REVIEW regularly for years, writes: "I am too old and perhaps will not live to read the REVIEW during 1916. However, someone else will read it if I don't. I am 78 years old and served four years in the western army during the 'sixties' through the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and commanded my company the last six months of service. My pension for the first twenty-five years was \$4.00 per month. I am now living on a pension of \$30.00 per month, but it takes all of our money to buy bread and butter."—G. A.

From Yorkshire, England—"I have just received word of the death of my brother while serving with the British army in France. He received copies of the REVIEW until recently. Enclosed find my subscription for the best 'Fighting Magazine' of the working class on earth. Yours in revolt," F. C.

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Show This to Some Unfortunate Eczema Sufferer

THIS HAPPY WIFE

Wishes to tell you FREE

HOW SHE STOPPED Her Husband's Drinking

Write to Her and Learn How She Did It

For over 20 years James Anderson of 49 Oak Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago

his wife, in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

She also tried this remedy on her brother and several neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy, for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.

(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

COMBINATION OFFERS FOR 1916

Canadian Postage 40 cents extra.
Foreign Postage 72 cents extra.

Solidarity	\$1.00	\$1.50
Int. Soc. Review.....	\$1.00	\$1.50
The Masses.....	\$1.00	\$1.50
Int. Soc. Review.....	\$1.00	\$1.75
The New Review.....	\$1.00	\$1.75
Int. Soc. Review.....	\$1.00	\$1.75

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250 End-men's Jokes, 26 Songs, 9 Complete Sketches, 9 Monologues, 4 Stump Speeches, besides Complete Instructions on stage and program arrangements, rehearsals and "make-up," from beginning to end. Price 10¢ postage paid.

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IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

Mr. H. C. Atteberry, Lilac, Neb., writes: "I have used sample box of Cranolene. It has done me more good than anything I have ever used. Enclosed find \$5 to pay for the good you've already done me." Postal will bring you FREE what Mr. Atteberry gratefully paid \$5.00 for.

What a Young Socialist Can Do—Comrade Bumgarden of Zeigler, Ill., orders a bundle of 40 January REVIEWS and writes: "My little boy sold 20 REVIEWS one afternoon; send as soon as possible."

This young rebel has already done more effective work than some of the grown-ups who have been talking Socialism for 20 years, and have never circulated a piece of literature or attempted to take a subscription for a Socialist paper.

We hope to hear from other little Socialists who are "live ones."

From California—Comrade Redmayne of Alleghany sends in six big iron dollars and orders the REVIEW sent to six loyal comrades during the year of 1916. This is the kind of co-operation that counts, especially in California, where the party is cursed with co-operative land schemes floated by lawyer politicians, and to say nothing about the party sky pilots, who are thicker around the pie counter than fleas on a dog's back.

A "Live Wire" in Minnesota—Comrade H. D. Blair sends in twelve iron men for twelve yearly subscriptions. This is the kind of co-operation that counts. There are thousands of wage workers in this country who would subscribe for the REVIEW if our readers would take a little time and give them a chance to look at the REVIEW and be told what it stands for.

From a Canadian Red—"I came here eight years ago from California and homesteaded. It is a hard struggle. Some years we have small crops and low prices. Other years big crops and no chance to market. At the present writing elevators are filled up—no cars on railroads and navigation on the lake closed. Fine system we live under. Hoping my renewal reached you safely, I am, yours for the Revolution, W. D."

Rocky Ground in Canada—One of our revolutionary Canadian comrades in renewing her subscription to the REVIEW writes: "We organized a local with fifteen members a short time ago, but the local is practically dead. The members are content to read _____ and it is all they are doing for the cause."

"We have no factories here, our district is an agricultural one and the petty bourgeois farmers have all the qualities of their class, greed and selfishness. Prefer to go to the bar or the church than to go to a Socialist meeting. I hate the farmers more than the big bourgeois. They are real fitters on the social progress with their slave-wives, slave-children and their "homes," which are the sweat shops of the women. They have wooden heads and stone hearts and work sixteen hours a day on their land and in their homes."

"In closing, I want to tell you that the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is the only magazine which comforts me. Giving hope and strength to live through all that is going on at this time."—M. N.

From a West Virginia Rebel—"My wife and I think the REVIEW is the best journal published. We have been very much interested in Professor Moore's articles."

"I wish every man and woman would read

150 Parodies on Latest Songs 10c

Norway, Araby, Old Green River, Come Back Dixie,
Bom-Bom Bay, Down Home In Tenn., Down Among the
Sheltering Palms, Tulip Time In Holland, Dublin Bay,
It's a Long Way to Tipperary, I Can't Recall My Way
to be a Soldier, I'm a Little Bit Brave, Who I Found
Wore a Tulip, Michigan, Night in Dreamland, Man-
daly, International Rag, In My Harem & 131 others,
including Comic Dialects, complete 10c; \$3 for 20c.

J. C. Dorn, 731 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 186, Chicago, Ill.

Robert Blatchford's 'God and My Neighbor,' which I received from the publishing house last fall."—J. W. Y.

From a Pennsylvania Rebel—Comrade Lentz of Westwood fires in \$6.00 for subscriptions and copies of "Savage Survivals," which is by far the most popular book the publishing house has brought out in many years.

From Indiana—Comrade Driver of Fort Wayne sends in five yearly subscriptions and secures \$5.00 worth of standard Socialist books. This shows what a live wire can do.

Socialist Scouts—Joso Leips, organizer and librarian of Local Kings County, New York, has organized a group which is called the Socialist Boy Scouts of the World. There ought to be a great opportunity in such an organization and we congratulate Comrade Leips. Comrades wishing to gain information on the Scouts may address him at 167 Tompkins avenue, Socialist Party, Brooklyn, N. Y. This is the same local that possesses the Marx School which is now taking up the works of Joseph Dietzen.

From a Minnesota Review Reader—Comrade T. W. Sponheim of Fox, Minnesota, sends in his subscription for the following year and adds: "We are not wage slaves up here; we are small farmers who do our own work. When harvest and threshing are over, we haul our grain to town and sell it—wheat for 75 cents per bushel, while our flour costs us \$3.00 to \$4.00 per sack of 98 pounds. The milling companies get about \$1.75 per sack for grinding it, whereas 25 cents would easily cover the cost and yield a fair profit, so you can see what the small farmers of Minnesota are up against."

Printers' Industrial Educational League—To Members of the Printing Trades Unions: Fellow Unionists—For some years the question of closer affiliation of trades unions in the printing industry has been more or less discussed, but no action tending to bring this about has resulted. The idea seems to prevail that the unions cannot come together in closer affiliation until the international officers give consent. If this idea is permitted to dominate the membership, closer affiliation of the printing trades unions will never be effected.

There are two forms of closer affiliation. One (that apparently favored by the international officers) merely seeks to have wage scale agreements entered into and expire at the same time, and, in the event of lockouts or strikes, each union to guarantee its share in financing the same, etc.; the workers remaining divided along present craft lines, with all the separate headquarters and international and local offices to maintain at great expense, and the possibility of developing another set of paid officials to prey upon the already overburdened membership. This form of "closer

affiliation" would be of little or no benefit to the workers in the industry, but would, undoubtedly, give our so-called "high" officials a longer lease on their well-paid jobs.

The second form of closer affiliation proposes to eliminate all craft divisions and terms that now separate the workers into small isolated groups and bring them together into one industrial union for the purpose of promoting the common interests of all workers in the industry. This would, for one thing, do away with the numerous headquarters and international officials maintained at great expense to the dues-paying membership. This is closer affiliation in the real sense of the term, and will not be brought about by permitting the matter to rest in the hands of those whose material interests are promoted by perpetuating the present craft division. The closer affiliation having as its object the amalgamating of all craft unions in the printing industry into one solid industrial union can only be brought about by the dues-paying members of the unions.

Industrial conditions have changed, and are continually changing, and we must endeavor to conform thereto. All about us we see consolidations taking place in the newspaper and book and job industry, which means the elimination of many plants. This, together with continued improvement in machinery, development of new processes, speeding up, etc., displaces many workers, thereby greatly increasing the number of unemployed.

We cannot cope with industrial conditions divided, as we are, into small groups, each a law unto itself, seeking to promote its interests irrespective of and many times at the expense of each other; to say nothing of the fact that many workers in the industry are unorganized.

Our interests as workers are the same. All workers in an industry are integral parts of

that industry; the labor of all is essential to the production of the finished article. If we are necessary to the employer, then we are necessary to each other.

Employers sink their personal differences and organize in one union for the promotion of their mutual economic interests. But we, the workers in the industry, are divided and at war with each other.

Fellow trade unionists, if in the past, through our isolated craft groups, we have gained benefits for those eligible to membership, how much more could we gain by organizing *all* the workers in the printing industry into *one* industrial union!

Realizing the urgent necessity of closer affiliation that will result in the industrial organization of all workers in the printing industry, and that this can only be brought about through the efforts of the rank and file of the printing trade unions, a number of Seattle workers in good standing in their respective trades unions have organized the Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League for the purpose of carrying on a campaign of education for industrial unionism.

We call upon our fellow trade unionists in the United States and Canada to co-operate with us and establish branches of the Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League.

The Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League will, as its means permit, issue leaflets, devoted to industrial unionism, for circulation among trade unionists in the printing industry.

Industrial unionism must be developed from the bottom up; not from the top down.

Read, think and *act* with us.

Pass this to your fellow worker.

For information, address Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League, 424 Harrison Street, Seattle, Wash.

LET US PRINT YOUR BOOK

¶ If you wish to publish a book on any subject, get our advice before you close a printing contract.

¶ We buy choice book papers direct from the mills. We have favorable contracts with some of the best **Union** printing and binding houses in America. We have thirty years' experience in book-making. We can give you the **BEST** work at a fair price. We will, if desired, put your book into the hands of the important book-reviewers of the country. Address

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The Bible Reviewed in the Light of Modern Science

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate today between Christians and Scientists the world over.

Robert Blatchford says: "Is the Bible a holy and inspired book and the Word of God to man, or is it an incongruous and contradictory collection of tribal tradition and ancient fables, written by men of genius and imagination?"

Mr. Blatchford believes RELIGIONS are not REVEALED, they are EVOLVED.

"We cannot accept as the God of Creation," he writes, "this savage idol (Jehovah) of an obscure tribe, and we have renounced him and are ashamed of him, not because of any later divine revelation, but because mankind have become too enlightened to tolerate Jehovah."

"The ethical code of the Old Testament is no longer suitable as the rule of life. The moral and intellectual advance of the human race has left it behind."

"CHRISTIANS declare the highest conception of God is the Christian conception of him as a Heavenly Father. "God is love," they say. To which Blatchford replies: "This is a very lofty, poetical and gratifying conception, but it is open to one fatal objection—it is not true!"

Mr. Blatchford does not believe that a divine being would need or ask for PRAYER and PRAISE.

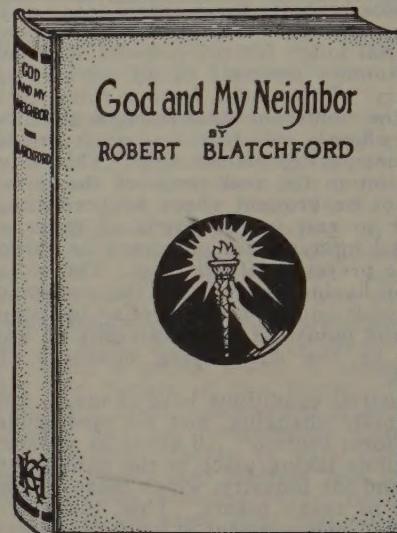
"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR is not an attack upon religion. It is a study of the Bible from the scientific point of view. It is one of the most thought-provoking books of the age. It is being discussed from hundreds of platforms and in thousands of homes.

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The Struggle Between Science and Superstition

A most entertaining and illuminating book on the age-long conflict between scientists searching for new truth and priests striving to chain the human mind with the authority of church or ancient book. It holds the attention of the thinking reader as no adventure in fiction could do, since it carries us over the blood-stained trail of the pioneers of human liberty. The high lights in the book are the burning of Giordano Bruno and the official record of the recantation extorted by threat of torture from the aged Galileo, in which he abjures the terrible heresy of asserting that the earth moves 'round the sun. Cloth, 50 cents.

This is the FIFTIETH VOLUME in our fifty-cent LIBRARY OF SOCIALIST CLASSICS, containing most of the important Socialist books to be had in the English language, with the exception of some larger volumes necessarily sold at higher prices. The remaining forty-nine volumes are:

- Anarchism and Socialism, Plechanoff.
Art of Lecturing, Lewis.
Class Struggle, Kautsky.
Class Struggles in America, Simons.
Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels.
Doing Us Good and Plenty, Russell.
Eighteenth Brumaire, Marx.
End of the World, Meyer.
Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History, Kautsky.
Evolution of Banking, Howe.
Evolution of Man, Boelsche.
Evolution of Property, Lafargue.
Evolution, Social and Organic, Lewis.
Feuerbach, Engels.
Germs of Mind in Plants, Francé.
God's Children, Allman.
High Cost of Living, Kautsky.
Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche.
Law of Biogenesis, Moore.
Life and Death, Teichmann.
Making of the World, Meyer.
Marx He Knew, The, Sparro.
Memoirs of Marx, Liebknecht.
Marx vs. Tolstoy, Darrow and Lewis.
- Militant Proletariat, Austin Lewis.
Origin of the Family, Engels.
Out of the Dump, Marcy.
Positive School of Criminology, Ferri.
Puritanism, Meily.
Rebel at Large, Beals.
Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Marx.
Right to Be Lazy, Lafargue.
Russian Bastile, Pollock.
Sabotage, Pouget.
Science and Revolution, Untermann.
Social and Philosophical Studies, Lafargue.
Social Revolution, The, Kautsky.
Socialism for Students, Cohen.
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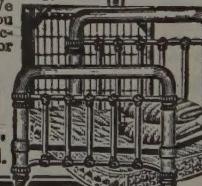
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